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Around Town.

A certain Dr. Pyle is endeavoring to have a bill passed by the Ohio Legislature providing that persons condemned to death shall be appropriated to the purposes of physiological research. A person convicted of a capital offence would thus be turned over to the medical authorities, placed under the influence of anæsthetics, and some one of his organs exposed and studied in the living state; the subject to be kept alive until the investigation was concluded, when he would be executed by Dr. Pyle argues that in this way condemned persons can be made to pay the debt they owe society, and without undergoing any greater conscious suffering than when they are hanged or electrocuted. Hanging is not a very scientific mode of administering

speculative study, what is known having been prit is made to serve the needs of his fellow-learned from post-mortem examinations. If men by increasing the life chances of his suryou inspect a mill on an idle day, there must be scores of wheels and rods and levers—important parts of the intricate machinery—the uses of which can only be guessed at. Medical men have so far been able to inspect the machinery of the human body only in its stationary condition, and if there are doubts, differences of opinion, organs little understood, medicines administered speculatively and diseases that baffle treatment, It is not surprising. The fact that the medical profession cannot pursue conclusive investigations upon living human organs has caused graveyards to be robbed ever since dectoring became more than a humbug. But the ignorance of physiology which prompts students to rob cemeteries

vivors, he would in a practical way be atoning for his destruction of life. To hang a man is profitless revenge; to devote him to scientific purposes relieves the transaction of its waste-ful feature, for it enriches the knowledge of the race. It might be learned that assassination is a symptom of a mental ailment easy of prevention. A hundred undreamed of things might be brought to light.

In Denmark a new law will soon go into force providing that the bodies of all persons who commit suicide shall be turned over to the medical colleges for dissection. This is to quell the growing fashion of suicide, and it will no doubt have considerable effect. The arrangement is not only politic, but just, and might be

newspaper criticism, but is anxious to set itself | deputation of prohibitionists that he would right before the public in this wage matter.
When it became apparent a short time ago that the output was in excess of the current requirements, the board held a meeting and decided, rather than discharge a large number of men who would be unable to find other em-ployment, to keep the full complement of hands but to run the shops only eight hours a day for the present. It was certainly the considerate thing to do when such an alternative arose. The majority of hands are on piece work, and it has occurred in some departments that as much work has been done in eight hours as formerly in ten. An examination of the pay roll shows that no able bodied workman or laborer in the employ of the company is drawing as low as a dollar a day. Judged by the pre-

enact a prohibitory law if the Supreme Court decides that he has the power. There is no man in Canada to-day engaged in politics or law who is better grounded in the British North America Act than Sir Oliver Mowat. The rights enjoyed by the provinces in relation to the Dominion have been the particular study of the Ontario Premier for twenty years.

During nearly all that time he has faced a Conservative Government at Ottawa, antagonists who might at any time spring a destructive scheme upon his Liberal administration in Ontario. He has had to keep his faculties as a constitutional lawyer in particularly keen repair, and as a result there is probably no man in Canada to day whose knowledge of the

rights of provinces compares with his. hanged of electrocuted. Hanging is not which promptes students to the temperature of the When



THE HELPER AT THE OAR.

of renown have come forward claiming that electrocution does not kill, but usually produces only the semblance of death, from which the subject may be restored by artificial respiration. They suggest that criminals who are executed by electricity in New York State are not killed by electricity at all, but by the doctors, who make an autopsy upon the sup-posed remains. Rabbits, they say, have been revived after receiving a shock of two thou-sand five hundred volts and twenty amperes, a shock more powerful than is given in the execution of murderers. M. d'Arsonville has much disquiet by challenging the New York State authorities to permit him to apply a thorough test of artificial respiration to the alleged corpse of any electrocuted criminal. Science and justice alike require that the be at once accepted and the horrible doubt set at rest.

It will probably be many years before any country, state or community will adopt such a practice as Dr. Pyle recommends. We are not far enough along for that yet. Surgery and medicine must flounder and grope as in the past and as at present, until a few more centiments and prejudices are educated out of existence. So far physiology is largely a

a poetic justice in these midnight restitutions or reclamations. The profession gave; taketh away.

In few things has there been such advance during this century as in medicine and surgery. Operations that not long ago would have been deemed incredible are now performed daily. profession have fought at great odds and against unnecessary difficulties. Dissection is still regarded as a horror by the masses, while vivisection of any sort causes the enlightened to shudder and scowl. Yet if the general good demand it, why not vivisect? The bomb-thrower, the passionless assassin whose desire is notoriety, let him be turned to account. We now photograph his living face for the benefit of the physiognomist; why not like-wise photograph his brain for the benefit of the alienist, his nerve-action for one specialist, his heart action for another, his lung action for still another, making him altogether of great value to science? The one absolute condition must be that the subject shall be guaranteed against all consciousness of pain, for whatever pain a bomb-thrower like Vallant may inflict, society cannot retaliate in kind. I personally am opposed to capital punishment, considering it to be out of tane with the age, but if the cul-

In referring to the labor problem last week I asked this question: What constitutes hard times for the Massey-Harris Co. ? and hazarded the answer that times were considered hard by the managers of such a company when the cus tomary dividend could not be paid, however large that dividend might habitually be. In relation to all large businesses and big cor-porations the answer is probably correct, and the principle is immoral in operation. I quoted the current statement that the Massey Harris Co. has reduced the wages of a large number of its workmen to one dollar per day. Since then Hon. Lyman Jones, one the managers of the company, has shown me the entire pay-roll of both the Toronto and Brantford factories. In the Toronto shops the employees last pay day numbered four hundred and ninety-three, consisting of mechanics, laborers, boys and girls, and the average pay drawn was \$1.65 3-5 per day of ten hours. In Brantford there were four hundred shop hands who were paid an average of \$1.57 1.10 per day of ten Living in Brantford being somewhat cheaper than in Toronto, the employees there have a trifle the best of it, though apparently the wage is lower. Mr. Jones says that the company has not time to defend itself against

The more one investigates the question the more appalling grow the difficulties in the way of ever altering the antagonism existing between labor and capital. If all employers were of a sort, and if all employees were of a sort, there would be some hope of a solu tion in the future time, but it can never be foreseen what an individual employer may do or what particular groups of employees may In this great warfare our children will pro bably struggle with as much fevered futility as our fathers contended. After centuries of contention we have not got beyond the crude arrangement whereby Mr. A. pays his men current wages and realizes a comfortable living only; while Mr. B. pays current wages to his men, amasses millions, and dismisses his employees, consigning them to idleness and want, whenever he thinks that his ultimate gain will be increased by shutting down for a season to the market sharpen up a bit. Capital admits no obligation to bonus its men in periods of brisk trade and large profits; it asserts the right to discharge them in periods of duliness. That iniquity, of the thing. of duliness. That is the inequality, if not the

It does not seem to me that Sir Oliver Mowat has done anything very brash in informing the

cial hanging and the criminal suffered the pangs of a double death. With regard to electrocution, two French scientists of the graveyards nothing. There is had not the power to pass a regular prohibi-tory law. His prompt answer to the prohibition delegates on Tuesday strengthens my opinion. It never was his wont to be so plastic to the mould as temperance promoters have recently found him. His ready acquiescence in proposals for votes, however speedy, and measures however sweeping, is not characteristic of him. Some seem to think that he has become a child-like old man; that a beautiful innocence of heart and mind has fallen upon him like a benediction. His fearless challenge to the P. P. A. should show plainly enough that he is the same old Oliver. Sup-pose that he has, with his superior and safe knowledge of constitutional law, figured it out that the Supreme Court cannot fail to decide that the Province has no power to pass a prohibitory law, how will matters stand then? Will he not be the great prohibition statesman, though, alas! powerless to confer the matchless boon? Will he not still maintain his advantageous control over the licensed victuallers by means of license commissioners and inspectors? If anything is wanted to give stronger color to the idea that Sir Oliver Mowat looks confidently to the Supreme Court decision to let him out of the corner he has with such seeming innocence walked into, let me re-call the fact that about three years ago the

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question of local option came up for a great deal of attention. The right of a province to pass a measure giving municipalities the right to exercise local option was attacked and fought through the courts. The whole ques tion of rights in dealing with the liquor trade came up inferentially at that time and monopoliced Sir O'iver's attention. He probably discovered facts that convinced him of the standing of the Province; he may have secured admissions and seen claims filed and pleas entered by the Dominion that are useful to him now; the Supreme Court in deciding in him now; the Supreme Court in deciding in favor of local option may have revealed its mind on the larger question of prohibition. At all events, we know Sir Oliver Mowat has been studying the rights of the Province in the matter for three years past, and has probably reached a conclusion. This may explain why he has done nothing to receive if he has not even assisted to create, a prevent, if he has not even assisted to create, a temperance climax. To argue that because he can close liquor shops at a certain hour he can therefore close them at all hours, in his capacity as a regulator of the traffic, is not sound, because if it is decided that the Province has not power to prohibit, why, that implies that that power is vested elsewhere, and any regulation that goes beyond the neces sities of order and decency will be an infringe-ment of the prohibitory right possessed only by the Federal power. For shortening hours and crippling the trade, Sir Oliver, if it is decided that he is merely a regulator, must advance utilitarian, not sentimental reasons. MACK.

Social and Personal. The prettiest social function in the world is

a bal poudre, and on Monday evening full jus-

tice was done to the opportunity by the hand-some women of Toronto. Brunettes, of course, had a distinct advantage over blondes, the piquancy of the coiffure being heightened by the contrast of dark eyes, brows and lashes. The fetching scraps of court plaster, in stars and crescents, diamonds, squares and circles, illus-trate this, and the pretty device was employed by our fair ladies with a cunning wisdom worthy of the Pompadour or Marie Antoinette herself. The Pavillon, in all its glory of bare pillars and inartistic ugliness, could not spoil the pretty scene, though one naturally contrasted it with that exquisitely housed New trasted it with that exquisitely housed New York ball which last month sent society into admiring throes in Gotham, and longed for some such place as Hotel Waldorf for the proper reception of our own belies and beaux. The ladies who worked so hard for the success of this ball must have tasted the sweets of success as group after group of picturesque women left the dressing-room and gathered at their chosen rendezvous. It would, by the way, be a good idea if the popular chaperones would choose each a different rendezvous, for one or two numbers were uncomfortably crowded by those who were anxious to be of the same set, and furthermore by others who judged it wise to follow the crowd. The clothes-line design in roof decorations was happily omitted, and the dais only received decorative touches. An able committee of society men did all that was necessary for the happiness of the guests, and I noticed several kind and energetic matrons who were good enough to attend to numerous introductions. A laughable result of powdered heads was the failure at first of the men to recognize some of their most cherished partners, and several beauties gazad in mild wonder at these anxious swains, who failed to seek them with their accustomed alacrity. The presence of a large number of strangers rather aided this amusing bewilderment. The ball began rather late, and reinforcements to the dancers arrived until nearly eleven o'clock from various dinners and from the Patti concert, which, however, did not attract the numbers which the ladies feared it might. Among the ladies who best became their powder were: Mrs. Kirkpatrick, whose beautiful dark eyes gained new brilliancy under her soft fringe of powdered curls; Mrs. Henry Cawthra, who powdered curis; ars. riency Sawdra, who looked excellently well, in poudre and black velvet; Mrs. Ward, who wore blue brocade and was coiffee to perfection; Miss Small, another brunette, whose coloring and bright eyes needed the white hair to make one realize their brilliancy; Mrs. Kerr Osborne, it goes without saying, was another beautiful woman, poudre: Mrs. Ambery, who became the pretty pounts: Mrs. Ambery, who became the pretty fashion to perfection; Mrs. J. K. Kerr, in a beautifully cut gown of brocade and chiffon and bebe coiffure; Miss Lena Cawthra, a lovely memory of the Olde Englishe Faire revived and intensified; Miss Grace Cawthra, in flesh pink brocade, and looking extremely well in her gray coiffure: Miss Hendrie and Miss Tena Hendrie are always noticeable in their slender height, but at bal poudre they were par excellence remarkable and admired, the high rolled hair and pretty curls being above all becoming; Miss Turner, whose distinctive style and charming Tena Hendrie are always noticeable in their piquant black, and rose-pink looked even better than usual; Miss Meredith, another "daughter of the gods," was in black with pale blue sleeves, puff- and fliating ribbons; Miss Hagarty was charming in powder, which suited her clever, handsome face, and a quaint gown of vieux rose and rare white lace; a very demure and pretty picture
was Miss Gertrude Thompson, in cream faille with hem and berthe of pink French roses and powdered coiffure; Miss Williams of Port Hope wore a quaint silver-gray silk with overskirt and frills of bright tartan—her mother's wedding gown—and was poudre; Mrs. Black stock was in white and silver and lost nothing of her magnetism and vivacity by the becom-ing powdered coiffure, her bright eyes and clear color suiting it to perfection; Miss Miller of Buffalo was in white 'and yellow satin-a Toronto gown-and her sister in white satin under violet gauze, with violets; Miss Minnie Parsons was beautifully gowned, and was another to whom powder lent fresh charm; Miss Riordan was one of the blondes who braved the innovation successfully; Mrs. Moffatt sacrified the golden glory of her hair to the prevailing mode in the most nonchalant manner, as did her sisters, Mrs. Wright and Mrs. Cecil Gibson: Mrs. Theodore King needs shelm, Miss Wilkes, Miss Henderson, Miss no added brightness of eyes or expression, but Hees, Miss Hannaford, Mr. and Mrs. Hor. what powder could do was done, and in her pretty buttereup-hued gown she looked ex-



A Specimen of Half-Tone Engraving by the Toronto Lithographing Company

tremely well. Some of our chaperones require no aid to a lovely coiffure, and they were a la mode even more than usual. Space forbids mention of these and many more in detail. They were pourrees, they become the fashion and we admired them to our hearts' content. The south gallery was reserved for spectators and was thronged until a late hour. Supper was served by Webb and everything was both dainty and toothsome, from the comforting bouillon to the most frivolous Charlotte Russe. Some rattling dances were played by the orchestra, though the music was once or twice rather indistinct and light. Sousa's two-step brought forward a good many varieties of prancing, for not he who thinks he dances a two-step always attains thereto, and some of the attempts recalled Sir Philip Sydney's description of Queen Elizabeth's terpsichorean exertions. However, everyone was so seized with the happy spirit of the hour that they did their best and laughed at their critics, which is the true philosophy of great and little affairs. Among the guests were: Col. Otter, Major and Mrs. Buchan, Mr. Laurie, Mr. Forester, Mr. McLean of Pennycross, Mr. and Miss Chadwick, Commander Law, Col. and Mrs. Davidson, Capt. Kirkpatrick, Major and Mr. Cosby, Mr. Churchill Cockburn, Mrs. and Miss Drayton, the Misses Miller of Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. Dean, Mrs. and Miss Stevenson, Mrs. Croil and Miss Schooley, Mrs. Hodgins of Pembroke street, Miss DaMoulin, the Misses Heward, the Misses Dawson, Miss Way, Miss Grace Stewart, Miss Bell, Mrs. Turner, Miss Stewart of Port Hope, Miss Leila Mackay, Mr. Camby, the Misses Ferguson of Eastlawn, the Misses Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Brouse, Miss Brouse, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pellatt, Miss

Perrin, Mr. Wilson and scores of others. Osgoode Hall dance was one of the principal events of the last week of the ante penitential season, and was, as usual, largely attended. A distinct improvement in the arrangements should be charged to the credit of the very able committee in charge of this affair, and if one or two little matters escaped their vigilance one must remember that even committees are human and that a public dance is one of the most difficult affairs to keep within due bounds, especially when those interested come, in many cases, from outside towns and have but a limited acquaintance in the city. But Osgoode Hall committees are equal to all emer gencies and acquitted themselves with great credit, all the many details being perfectly arranged and a lovely dance the natural result. With the Grenadiers' Band, under Mr. Waldron, in the library, the Glionna O chestra in Convocation Hall, and Corlett in the law schools, there was dancing room enough and to spare. Red-coated soldiers ushered the guests from place to place and stemmed con Red-coated soldiers ushered the trary torrents of humanity with careful tact brave trumpeters disturbed unduly prolonged tete a tetes in the various court rooms, with their calls to the dance : an army of waiters under Webb's careful supervision cared for the hungry and athirst in the rotunda, and dispensed a most extellent supper, which one can always count upon at O goode. The receptionrooms were unusually well arranged and very comfortably furnished with cosy sofas and every species of luxurious chair by the Toronto Furniture Supply Company. Here the hand-some chaperones were to be found, and very well they became their rich surroundings. Among the many were: Mr. and Mrs. Morti-mer Clarke, the lady beautifully gowned in eminence velvet and white lace; Mr. and very bright and handsome; usual, and Mrs. Marsh, Mr. and Mrs. Ritchie, Mr. and Mrs. Holmstead, Justice and Mrs. Oder, Mr. Justice and the Misses Ferguson, Mr. Justice and Mrs. MacMahon, Judge and Mrs. McDougail, Mr. and Mrs. Lash, Mr. and Mrs. Moss. Hon. Lyman Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Armour, Mr. Walter Barwick, Mrs. J. E. Thompson and the Misses Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Macdonald, Mr. and Mcs Jack Tarbutt. Mr. and Miss Kelley, Mr. and Mrs. Bosworth, Mr. and Mrs. Croil, Mr. Eakins, Mr. George Eakins, Miss Gurd, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Lillie, Dr. Myers, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Meharg, Mr. A. McLean Howard, Miss Jardine-Thom son, who looked very pretty and bright; and Mrs. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Beatty, Miss Burgess, Miss Badgerow, Mr. Bertle and Miss Grace Cawthra, Mr. Kelly Evans, Capt. and Miss Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Tipping, Mr. Jack Eldis, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet, Mr. Howard Chandler, Miss Calvert of Detroit, Miss Eilie Catto, Mr. Churchill Cockburn, Mr. Camby, Mr. Benedict, Mr. Raymond, Mr. Frank Dane. Mr. and Miss Gray, Mr. and Mrs. Galbraith, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, the Misses Dora and Madge Gooderham, the Misses Taylor of Flor-

the Misses Ince, Miss Kleiser, Miss H. Kerr of Ocangeville, Mr. and Mrs. Mont Lowndes Miss Love, Miss Lamport, Miss Eva Langtry, Mrs. Arthur McLean of Chicago, Mrs. and the Misses Morrison, Mr. G. F. Morice, Miss Macnes of Kingston, Capt. and Miss McLean Howard, Miss Macbeth of London, the Misses Marsh of Buffalo, the Misses Mack of St. Catharines, Mr and Miss Memory of Chicago, Mrs. F. C. Moffatt, Miss Nairn, Miss Newbigging, Miss Carrie Saunders, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Neville, Mrs. Oliphant, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pringle, Mr. Jack Reid, Miss Carrie Rowland, Dr. and Miss Dixon, Mr. and Miss Stanton, Mrs. Sheard. looking particularly well in bronze brocade, Dr. Stacey, Mrs. Stevenson, Miss Katie Stevenson, Miss Stewart of Port Hope, Mr. Sanson, Mr. Sharkey, Dr. and Mrs. Philip Strathy, Mr. and Mrs. S. Frank Wilson, Mr. and Miss Wells, Dr. Trowe, and many others whose names have escaped my memory.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra entertained on Friday and Saturday of last week at dinner. Between twenty and thirty guests on each occasion accepted the hospitality of the ever hospitable master and mistress of Yeadon

Mrs. Alma of Niagara is visiting her granddaughter, Mrs. Charles Hunter of Spadina

Miss Julia Jarvis of 2 Maple avenue leaves for Winnipeg on Friday.

Miss Eric Wiggins is the guest of Mrs. Genereux of Walmer road. Miss Wiggins was a much admired guest at Osgoode At

Mr. P. E. W. Moyer, editor Berlin News, with Mrs. Moyer and Mrs. George Gooderham of Meadowvale, are visiting Mrs. Ardagh of Seaton street.

Mr. W. G. Kennedy, son of Mayor Kennedy, has sailed for Europe.

An extremely quiet wedding took place at the residence of Mr. James Higman, brother of the bride, last Tuesday at one o'clock, when Mr. James R. Gifford and Miss Mary Higman were married. Rev. Arthur Baldwin of Ali Saints' performed the ceremony, and only Miss Higman's relatives were present. Miss Kitson acted as attendant on the fair bride, who looked even handsomer than usual in a delicate suit of pale gray cloth, with white vest. Mr. and Mrs. Gifford left on the afternoon train for New York and on their return will reside at 31 Macpherson avenue, where they have taken a pretty house. No two people in Toronto are more popular in their own circle, and Mr. Gifford has made hosts of warm friends by his unfailing Irish bon hommie, while his sweet young wife is beloved wherever she is known. A large number of handsome wedding gifts accentuated this fact in a pleasant manner.

Mrs. John Featherstonhaugh of Grove avenue ntertained on Monday evening and a very jolly dance was the result. Among the guests were: Mr. and Miss Marie Macdonald, the Misses Stammers, Mr. W. Cockburn, Mr. and the Misses Palin, Mr. and Mrs. May, the Misses Gibson, Mr. and the Misses Chadwick, Mr. E. A. and Mrs. Thompson, and Miss Nicol, and Messrs. Nelles, Chilcot, Church, Gurnsey, Stammers, Whitley and others.

Mrs. Grace of Madison avenue gave a very last week, at which were present, others: Col. and Mrs. Milligan, Miss Milligan, Capt. and Mrs. Greville Harston, Mrs. Allen Aylesworth, Mrs. Prince, Mrs. Prant Mac-donald, Mr. and Mrs. Capreol, the Misses Hugel, Dr. Strange, Dr. Pepler, Major Harrison, Mr. Alfred Beardmore, Mr. George Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Duggan, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. D. Armstrong, Mrs. Martin of Winnipeg, Miss Ethel Read and Mrs. George Beardmore.

Mrs. Harton Walker and Mrs. Morse of Spadina avenue gave a very small tea to a few lady friends, previous to the latter's departure for Winnipeg. Among those present were: Miss Helliwell, Miss Minnie Helliwell, Miss Kennedy, Mrs. H. P. Dwight, Mrs. Lyman Dwight of Winnipeg, Miss Turner of Oakville, Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. Bosworth, Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. Bosworth, Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Cecil Lee, Mrs. W. S. Lee, Mrs. Tom Lee, Mrs. Ritchie, Mrs. Joseph Beatty, Mrs. Reginald Northcote, Mrs. Wilmot Matthews, Miss Rogerson, Mrs. Elwood, Mrs. A. W. Croll, Mrs. Irving, Mrs. Kelly, Mrs. Mackenzie, Mrs. Gooderham and others. Gooderham and others.

Mrs. F. A. Moure (nee Amy Berthou) will receive on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of next week from 2 till 5 at her new home, 120

whist party on Thursday evening of last week which was very enjoyable. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Pyke, Mrs. Davey, Mr. and Mrs. Hodgins, Mrs. Graham and others. The Misses Harris re-ceived the guests in a very pleasant manner.

Mr. Spencer Over is spending a few weeks in

The Star Lacrosse Club of Mimico gave a conert and dance on Friday evening of last week Quite a number were present and a very gay time was spent.

The Bishop of Huron and Mrs. and Miss Baldwin have been paying a short visit to friends in Toronto.

A charming little hostess on St. George street is Mrs. Crowley. Joined to a piquant and beautiful face and bright manner, Mrs. Crowley possesses much musical ability and a clever mind.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnstone of 5 Czar street gave a very enjoyable progressive euchre 'party on Friday evening of last week. There were seven tables, and among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Brazil, Dr. and Mrs. Boultbee, Mr. and Mrs. George Brady, Mr. and Mrs. Nichol, Mr. and Mrs. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Roberts, Misses Millar, Johnstone, Griffen, Fair, Bolton, Storms, Angus, Reid, Kidd, Pape, and E. and L. Howard, and Messers. Bailey, Middleton, Pape, Spencer, Litster, and Drs. Bowie and Forster. The prizes were useful and were won by Miss Kidd and Mr. Litster, the booby prizes going to Miss Griffen and Dr. Mr. and Mrs. Johnstone of 5 Czar street gave the booby prizes going to Miss Griffen and Dr.

Mrs. Shaw of Jameson avenue gave a very pleasant musicale on Thursday evening of last week in connection with St. Anne's church, Quite a number of the members and their friends were present and spent an

Mrs. Cayley, of the Rectory, John street, is visiting relatives in Cobourg.

Miss Burns of Napanee is the guest of Mrs. Crowley of St. George street.

Mr. de Lotbiniere Macdonald of Montreal was in town recently.

Mrs. William Lett Bain of Chicago is visitng her parents, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Harrison of

Oa Monday of last week Mrs. Clarence McCuaig entertained at progressive euchre. Among her many smart guests were : Mr. and Mrs. Henry Duggan, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Anglin, Mr. Arthur Anglin, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Northcote, Mr. and Mrs. Bird, Mrs. Allen Aylesworth, Mr. Grayson Smyth, Mr. and Mrs. J. Beatty, the Misses Strathy, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hay, Miss Bronse, Miss Jones of Brockville, and others.

The pedro contest between the Comus and Athenæum clubs was concluded on Friday evening of last week, with Comus four games ahead, which, with their previous advantage. left them winners by eighteen games Comus know a thing or two about cards and

Mrs. E. B. Jackes of Charles street gave a tea on Thursday, which was very successful.

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Mr. Harris of Tyndall avenue gave a small HARRY WEBB'S Yonge and Melinda Streets

of the clu about a reaffair. The with mott Pender had of the porti and the sup various sug the distribu china bowls among the of these bea four figures. some to be and salads, A large num dance, and Bachelors' h City came N Miss Hedley W. Bradley, W. Crozler o every respe ess, and cou present mans president Club continu At Home. S of the guests tion of costu frocks of the

The annua sity Chapter Delta Phi. w evening, Fet were: Profes Oronhyatekh McLean Macd A. H. O'Brien W. W. Jones. W. McCliv W. Hardy, P. Hardy, J. C. Baker, G. Evans and C. ters were repr

On Monday

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very much affair, which

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The happy go broker of the Miss Minnie I the Ray. Fath and life-long f The capacious was specially was filled by pe testifying to t young couple a clat seldom C. E. A'Langle father of the leaning on th of the church of the Weddin bridesmaid we From the pair, accomp friends, repaire breakfast was sides the groom, Re Rev. Father Do of Paris, France

ronto, Mr. and

Social and Personal.



sell-

ROWDED to its utmost capacity was the ball-room tion Life building on Thursday of last week, when the Young Bache-lors' Club held its second annual dance, and hun-dreds of guests assembled in re-sponse to the invitations of their hosts. The membership of this popular young people's club has grown beyond all expected bounds,

and as merry and pretty an assemblage of representative young Canadians and their lady friends as could be wished is the result when invitations are sent out for a ball. The crowd meets for enjoyment, dancing is the business in hand and is carried on with a grace and vigor only possible to the young and light-hearted. The extreme solicitude and courtesy of the stewards and other officers of the club would render impossible the plaint uttered by a reporter of a daily paper about a recent and much more pretentious affair. The entrance landing was decorated with mottoes and flowers, and Foster & Pender had very prettily draped the windows and formed a Moorish tent between the pillars of the portico. The music was most inspiring and the supper very good indeed. The legend "Young Bachelors" was prettily carried out in various sugary designs. A novel and dainty touch was given to the well spread tables by the distribution of some exquisite hand-painted china bowls, plats and tea and coffee services, the work of a clever artist in Parkdale, among the tempting edibles and pretty orna-mental designs. I am informed that the value of these beautiful articles mounted half way to four figures. They seemed almost too hand-some to be the receptacles for jellied tongue and salads, and were most elegantly effec-tive from an artistic point of view. A large number of strangers came up for this dance, and praised to the echo the Young Bachelors' hospitality. From the Ambitious City came Miss Gertrude O'Neill, Messre, M. I. Johnston, F. W. Allen, and Prof. Hackett; Miss Hedley from Kincardine; Misses Ella O'Neill, M. Bradley, E Bradley, Messrs. W. W. Bradley, F. J. Bradley, R. H. Robinson and W. Crozier came from Orangeville; Mr. George Nairn from Goderich; Dr. Mitchell from Owen Sound; and Miss Rogers from Beamsville. In every respect the Young Bachelors' Club, which is an incorporated body, is a great sucvenich is an incorporate body, is a greet ware cess, and could hardly be otherwise under the present management. The executive numbers, as president. H. J. Harris; 1st vice-president, R. W. T. Williamson; 2nd vice-president, J. C. Robinson; secretary, W. A. Porteous; financial secretary, W. A. W. Smiley, and treasurer, H. E. McMullen. If the Young Bachelors' Club continues to increase in size at its present rate, the Pavilion will be required for the ac ommodation of its guests at the next annual At Home. Space forbids the insertion of a list of the guests, and justice prevents any selection of costumes for description. Fresh and fair as a May morning were the new and smart frocks of the pretty young ladies, and an air very much a la mode pervaded the whole affair, which was distinctly a credit to those young people of our busy city who have con-stituted themselves the sponsors of the Young Bachelors' Club.

The annual banquet of the Toronto University Chapter of the Fraternity of the Alpha Delta Phi. was held at Webb's on Thursday evening, February 1. Among those present were: Professor Baker, Professor Mavor, Dr. Oronhyatekha, Dr. J. A. Thorburn, Messrs. A. McLean Macdonell, L. B. Stewart, C. D. Scott, A. H. O'Brien, W. J. O. Mallock, Peter White, W. Jones, J. F. McGillivray, E. F. Lazier, F. W. McClive, W. H. Moore, W. S. Carroll, A. C. W. Hardy, N. B. Gwyn, E. F. Langley, E. A. P. Hardy, J. D. Falconbridge, C. Garrow, H. C. Baker, G. R. Geary, A. A. Allen, H. M. Evans and C. Riordan. The American chap ters were represented by Mr. I. J. Greenwood of Hamilton College, Clinton, New York.

On Monday morning in the church of St. Carthage, Tweed, a most auspicious marriage was solemnized. The bride was Miss Rachael McCann, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Mr. Thos. McCann of that town. The happy groom was Mr. Octavo Meunier, broker of the city of Quebec. The groomsman was Viconte Gaston de Luppe of Paris, France. Miss Minnie McCann, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Davis of Madoc, a particular and life-long friend of the bride and her family, assisted by the Rev. Father Fleming of Tweed. The capacious and beautiful church, which was specially decorated for the occasion, was filled by persons of all denominations, thus testifying to the universal popularity of the young couple and giving to their marriage an eclat seldom witnessed outside the cities. Precisely at 9.30 o'clock the bridal procession. headed by Mr. Meunier, accompanied by Mr C. E. A'Langlois of Toronto, representing the father of the groom, followed by the bride leaning on the arm of her father, Viconte de Luppe leading the bridesmaid, pro-ceeded from the baptistry at the front of the church to the altar, to the strains of the Wedding March rendered on the organ by Mrs. P. L. Clairmont. The bride and or Mrs. P. L. Clairmont. The bride and bridesmaid were attired in traveling suits. From the church the newly wedded pair, accompanied by a few intimate friends, repaired to the residence of the bride's father, where a most sumptuous wedding breakfast was served. There were present, be sides the exposure and the immediate familiars. sides the groom and the immediate family of the groom, Rev. Father Fleming of Tweed, Rev. Father Davis of Madoc, Viconte de Luppe of Paris, France, Mr. C. E. A'Langlois of To-ronto, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Ragotte, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Gabourie, Mr. and Mrs. Thenas

Bergeron, Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Clairmont, Mrs. R. Gabourie of Stoco, and Mrs. A. T. Macmillan of Madoc.

Mrs. G. Plunkett Magann of Thornburst, Parkdale, gave a most charming At Home from four to seven last Saturday afternoon. This pretty residence looked most cosy and inviting: the rooms were besutifully arranged and the decorations displayed most artistic taste. This delightful event took the form of a pink tea and this color was carried out ex-quisitely in the floral and table arrangements. Marcicano's mandolin and guitar quartette played many bright and pretty selections dur-ing the afternoon. Mrs. Magann was stylishly gowned in a dainty tinted silk with touches of deep ruby velvet, which was most becoming. She was assisted by Mr. Magann in receiving their many guests. Among those invited were: Col. and Mrs. Gravely, Major and Mrs. Carlaw, Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson, Miss Maynard, Mr. and Mrs. Cook, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Macdonald, Mr. Harry and Miss Wyatt, Mr. Claude Macdonell, Mr. and Mrs. J. Murray, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. J. Mason, Mr. and Mrs. Foy, Miss Trixey Hoskin, Mr. and Mrs. Gouinlock, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Gianelli, Mr. and Mrs. Dunn, Miss Ecclestone, Miss Barwick, Dr. and Mrs. Aylesworth, Mr. and Mrs. Angus Macdonell, Mrs. Craigie, Mrs. and Miss Brown, Dr. and Mrs. Harley Smith, Mrs. Beddome, Mr. Frank and the Misses Mason, Mr. and the Misses Hughes, Mr. Holmes, Mrs. Rooney, Col. and Mrs. Heskett, Miss Grant-Mrs. Clarke and many others. In the room where dainty refreshments were served, several lady friends of the fair hostess assisted in looking after the guests.

A very quiet wedding took place in the pretty little town of Barrie on Wednesday of last week, the contracting parties being Mr. Thomas A. McCarthy of Chicago and Miss Lizzle Cundle of Golden. The bride was given away by her eldest brother, Mr. R. S. Cundle. The groom was attended by his brother Eugene of Chicago, while Miss Russell of Toronto, cousin of the bride, acted as bridesmaid. The bride was attired in a traveling dress of brown cloth, trimmed with pink velvet and jet passementerie. The bridesmaid wore a dress of pearl silk with hat to match. The groom's present to the bride was a handsome diamond pin and to the bridesmaid a pair of diamond earrings. The other presents were emblematic of the name of her home.

The O. S. A. held their flual meeting on Thursday evening of last week at the residence of Mr. C. Blachford, 168 Carlton street, where a very pleasant evening was spent. It being the last meeting, dancing was kept up till the small hours of the morning. Those present were: Miss B. Geddes, Miss E. Geddes, Miss E. Zimmerman, Miss M. H. Hillyard, Miss Alice B'achford, Mr. W. Pridham, Mr. Black, Mr. C. Lucas, Mr. L. Lucas, Mr. W. Blachford,

Hon. Mackenzie Bowell will be entertained at luncheon by the Canadian Manufacturers' Association on Wednesday next, and will deliver an address on the question of Australian trade. The leading business men of On tario and Quebec will be present.

There will be a jolly time at the smoking concert of the Young Men's Liberal-Conserva-tive Association in Victoria Hall on Monday evening, the 12:h instant. The best humorous

TO THE HOOSIER POET":

A greeting to Riley on the publication of his new book, "Poems Here at Home."

MCKENNA, JOHN P.,

Bookseller, 80 Yonge St.

'Bout oncet a year Jim Riley writes a book o' verse ter sell, An' the folks 'at buys it reads it, and 'ey likes

it mighty well;
His poems are plain 'nd common, like the folk 'emselves, I guess,
With a dreamin' music in 'em 'nd a sorter

tendernes :

'At creeps into the heart 'nd makes it some-how beat in time With the fancy of the poet 'nd the ripple of

his rhyme

So you who like the potery you c'n read 'nd think about
Will be glad to hear 'at Riley's got

With Reference to Diamonds

There's reason in our claim ing to be able to give unequalled value, inasmuch as we select our stones personally in Amsterdam from the hands of the cuttersno profit but our own, and that a most moderate one.

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Our stock of Rings Pendants, Pins, &c., includes many exquisite combina-tions of Diamonds, Ru-bies, Pearls, Emeralds, Sapphires and Opals. The Grocer Did Not Advertise.

A few days ago a Pittsburg citizen cut into a pound of butter which he had purchased at a grocery whose proprietor does not advertise, and found therein a small tin box, which contained a piece of paper bearing the following. written in a neat feminine hand :

"I am a girl of eighteen years, good-looking and an excellent housekeeper. Should this be found by some unmarried Christian gentleman, will he please write to the following address,"

The finder, being a bachelor, decided to unravel the affair and succeeded only to destroy the romancs. The girl who had written the note had died many years ago, leaving an aged husband and a grown family. - Pittsburg

You look depressed, Wintie."

"I feel depressed, old man."
"What's the matter? Business or love?" "Business. Alice de Million has 'ust re-

Don't tell the world your troubles. You can't borrow ten dollars on them.



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TERY important that your gloves should fit well, fit easy and fit without tearing. You can always depend on the gloves Comfort takes the place of Corns of this house.

Of this house.

Ladies' Lirad Kid Gloves, 50c.

Children's Wool Mitts, good quality, heavy French rib, 15c.

Bys' Heavy Wool Gloves, 20c.

Extra Heavy Wool Mitts, dark gray, in boys' large sizes, 25c.

Children's Fine Kid Mitts, fur top, 39:

Ladies' Lined Kid Gloves, four-look fastenings, 90c.

Ladies' Chamois Gloves, mosquetaire, all white, and white with black embroidering, 65c.

Ladies' 4-button Suede Gloves, in tans and modes, 50c., reduced from \$1.

Special value in 75. Kid Gloves, guaranteed good wearing.

EVENING GLOVES.

Evening Gloves in Silk, good quality, all shades, 18 in., 550.

Evening Gloves in Silk, good quality, all shades, 22 in., 650.

Evening Gloves in Silk, good quality, all shades, 20 in., 850.

Evening Gloves, finest quality, 40 in. to thow, \$1 05

Evening Gloves, finest quality, 35 in., three-quarter length.

\$2

In cream, opera and black. Also a good quality Suede, in cream only, elbow length, \$1.35; three quarter length

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8. W. cor. Yonge and Queen | Entrance Yonge Street. Streets, Toronto. Entrance Queen Street. New Annex 170 Yonge Street. Stores Nos. 170, 174, 176, 178 Yonge Street, and 1 and 3 Queen Street West.

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specialty—High Grade Perfect-fitting Footwear. H. & C Blachford

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> Rubbers and Overshoes. Presty
> evening Shoes in new styles,
> ades in new statin
> Slippers at wonderfully low prices.

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MISS PATON

Is now prepared to offer her friends and patrons artistic, fashionable Parisian Dinner and Evening Dresses at her Fashionable Dressmaking Parlors at R. Walker & Sons, 33 to 43 King St. Eas:

The Leading Novels
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The steels (or staye) are incased in separate pootens and can be removed or replaced at pleasure, and are so distributed as to afford the necessary support to the spins, chees and absolute, while at the same time so pliable that they yield readily to every movement of the body, thus assuring constants comfort to the wearer.

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Crompton Corset Co., 78 3c) h 51.7 () (11c, Cat

eBal Poudre



Must Acknowledge Must Acknowledge
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sesential factor in a lady's
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had their hair artistically
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were decided firerence to horites in appearance by the
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PEMBER'S

HAIR STORE



The People of the Mist

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

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THAT HERO OTTER.

"Help me to bar the gate," said Leonard presently.

In another minute the great iron bar had been dropped into its place, and Leonard withdrew the key and put it in his pocket.

"Why do you lock the door, Bass?" whispered

Otter.
"To keep the real Pierre out, in case he should come this way. Two Pierres would be one too many at this game. Now we must win

one too many at this game. Now we must win or perish."

Then they crept along the embankment till they gained the shelter of the hut or barrackshed which stood with its back to the dike that separated the Nest from the slave camp. Happily none saw them, and there were no dogs in the place. Dogs make a noise at inconvenient times, therefore slave dealers do not love them.

Bapily none saw them, and there were no dogs in the place. Dogs make a moise at inconvenient times, therefore alsave dealers do not love them.

The end to haked behind which they were the end of the shed some eight or ten paces from the drawbridge that formed the only path of entry to the slave camp.

Basa, said Otter, "let me go for ward and look; my eye, are the evere of a cat. I can see in the dark. Perhaps the bridge is down."

And without waiting the knees so quietly that they could scarcely hear a movement. Not withstanding his write dress, there was little chance of his being seen, for the shadow of the shed was dense and a fringe of rushes grew along the edge of the dike.

"Let us go and see what has happened, they crept along to the end of the shed Within a yard of it they discovered the arms and clothes of Otter. But Otter! Where was held the shed was the shed was shed of the shed with the shed with the shed with the shed was the shed with the shed were breakly, and some with the shed was the s than twenty reet in moreover, as any observer of nature will have noticed, the surface of still water is never quite dark, even on much blacker nights than this.

Why had Otter taken off his clothes, Leonard wondered. Evidently that he might go into the water. And what could he want to go into the water for, unless it was that his heart failed him and, as Soa suggested, he had deserted? But this was impossible, for he knew well that he would die first. In his great perplexity Leonard stared at the dike. Now he could see that on its further side was a flight of wooden steps, protected by gates, and that a man was seated on the lowest step, with a rifle beside him, his feet hanging down to within a few inches of the surface of the dike. It must be the sentry. Next instant Leonard saw something else. Beneath the feet of the man a ripple grow on the face of the deep water and something flashed in the ripple like the flash of steel. Then a small black object projected itself toward the feet of the sentry, who was half saleep and humming to himself drowsily. Suddenly they saw the man slide from his seat as though by magic. He said nothing, but, making one ineffectual grasp at some rushes, he vanished into the depths below. For a minute or more Leonard could distinguish a slight disturbance on the surface of the water and that was all.

Now he guessed what had happened. Otter had dived, and, rising beneath the feet of the man, had seized him, and with a sudden movement dragged him down to death by drowning. Either this, or an alligator had taken him, and that flash was the flash of his fangs.

As Leonard thought thus a dark form rose gasping at the foot of the steps; it drew itself out of the water and that was all.

Now he guessed what had happened. Otter had dived, and, rising beneath the feet of the man, had seized him, and with a sudden movement of the embankment. Another minute and ropes began to creak. Then the tall drawbridge, standing upright like a scaffold against the sky, was seen to bend itself forward. Do

been banking upright like a scaffoid against the winds of the scanned of the scan

round first, so that, if need be, we can fire into the camp."
"I don't know much of cannon," said Leonard doubtfully.
"But I know something, White Man," said Soa, speaking for the first time. "Mavoom, my master, had a small one up at the Settlement, and often I have helped to first for practice and as a signal to boats on the river,

and so have many of the men who were carried away, if we can find them yonder."
"Good," said Leonard.
A path ran along the top of the embankment to the platform on which the gun was meunted. It was a six pound muzzle-loading gun. Leonard unhooked the rammer and ran it down the muzzle.

it down the muzzle, The gun is loaded," he said : "now let us

"The gun is loaded," he said; "now let us swing her round."

They did so easily enough, bringing the muzzle down upon the Nest camp, and then they entered the little ammunition hut which stood alongside. Piled up in it, in case of emergency, were half a dozen rounds of grapnel shot and powder.

"Lots of ammunition, if we should want to use it," said Leonard. "It never occurred to those gentlemen that a gun can shoot two ways, And now, Otter, lead us to the slaves, quick."

ways. And now, Otter, read quick."

"This way, Baas; but first we must get the "This way, Baas; but first we must get the tools; they are in the guard hut, I suppose,"

"Peter." said the woman again, "awake, child of Mavocm; Itis I, Soa, who am come to save you."

The man cried aloud, and began to tremble, but the other slaves took no notice, thinking only that he had been smitten with a scourge.

"Be silent," said Soa again, "or we are lost. Loose the bar, Black One; this is a headman from the Settlement, a brave man." Soon the bar was undone, then Otter bade Peter hold out his wrists while be twisted off the fetters. Presently they were gone, and in the cestasy of his recovered liberty the man leapt high into the air, then fell at Otter's feet as though he would embrace them.

"Get up, you fool," said the dwarf roughly. "and if there are any more of the men of Mavoom here, show them to us: oulck, or you will soon be fast again."

"There should be forty or more," Peter answered, recovering himself, "beside a few women and children. The rest of us are dead, except the Shepherdess alone, and she is yonder."

Then they went down the lines, slipping the chains from the Settlement men. Soon they had unmanacled ten or more men whom Soa selected, and others stood about them with their hands still chained. As they went about the work Soa explained something of the position to Peter, who was fortunately a native of intelligence. He soon grasped it, and earnestly secon ded Leonard's efforts to preserve silence and to prevent confusion.

"Come," said Leonard to Soa, "we have got

Two minutes later the four men were swimming swiftly down the dike, taking their chance of the alligators.

"Drop the bridge," said Leonard; "we must be off."

Otter lowered it, at the same time explaining its mechanism which was very simple, to Son.

Otter lowered it, at the same time explaining its mechanism, which was very simple, to Soa, Peter, and some other of the Settlement men. "Now, mother, good-bye," said Leonard, "Loose all the men you can and keep a keen look-out, so as to be ready to lower the bridge if you should see us or your mistress coming toward it. If we should not come by dawn, be ready also, for then we shall probably be dead, or prisoners, and you must act for yourself." If hear you, lord," answered Soa, "and I say that you are a brave man. Whether you win or lose, the red stone is well earned already."

Another minute and they were gone.

Having crossed the bridge, which was instantly hoisted again, Leonard and Otter avoided observation by creeping back toward the water-gate as they had come, that is, behind the shelter of the shed. Emerging from this, they ran a few yards till they were opposite the gate, then walked leisurely across the open space, a distance of fifty yards or more, till they reached the thatched hut where the sale of slaves was carried on. There was nobody in this hut, but looking between the posts on which it was supported, they could see by the light of the moon, now growing momentarily clearer, that a great and uproarious concour-e of people was gathered beyond in front of the veranda of the Nest itself. "Come on, Otter." whispered Leonard, "we must go among these gentry. Watch me closely, do what Ido, keep your weapons ready, and if it comes to blows, get behind my back and fight like a devil. Above all, don't be taken prisoner."

Leonard spoke calmly but his heart was in hear mouth and his sensations were such as

must go among these gentry. Wa'ch me closely, do what Ido, keep your weapons ready, and if it comes to blows, set behind my back and fight like a devil. Above all, don't be taken prisoner."

Leonard spoke calmly but his heart was in his mou h and his sensations were such as must have been known to Daniel when he went into the lions' den, for, as in the case of the prophet, be felt that nothing short of a special Providence could save them. They were round the shed now, and immediately in front of them was a mixed gathering of desperadoes—Portuguese, Arabs, Bastards and black men of various tribes—such as Leonard had never seen in all his varied experience. Villainy and greed were written on every countenance; it was a crew of human demons, and an extensive one. These wretches, most of whom had already drunk too freely and were drinking more, stood with their backs to them, looking toward the veranda of the Nest. On the steps of this verands, surrounded by a choice group of companions, all of them gaudily dressed, a man was standing whom Leonard would have had no difficulty in identifying as the Dom Pereira, even without Otter's warning whisper of "See! The Yellow Devil!"

This remarkable person demands some description as he stood in glory that night, at the apex, and, though he knew it not, the conclusion of his long career of infamy. He was old, perhaps seventy, his hair was white and venerable-locking, and his person obese. His black eyes were small, cunning, cold and bright, and they had the peculiarity of avoiding the gaze of any person with whom he was in conversation, at least when that person was looking his way. Their glance passed over him, under him, round him, anywhere but at him. As his sobriquet suggested, the coloring of Pereira's flesh was yellow, and the loose skin hung in huge wrinkles upon his cheeks. His mouth was large and coarse, and his fat hands twitched and grasped continually, as though with a desire of clutching gold. For the rest he was gorgeously dressed, and, hise his companions, s

CHAPTER XII. A CHOICE LOT.

A CHOICE LOT.

At the moment of Leonard and Otter's introduction to his society, the Yellow Devil was about to make a speech, and every eye was fixed upon him so intently that none saw or heard the pair approach.

"Now, my friends, make a path, if you please," said Leonard in a loud voice and speaking in Portuguese. "I wish to pay my respects to your chief."

A dozen men wheeled round at once.

"Who are you!" they cried, seeing a stranger.

"Salada"

YOU have yet to learn what delicious tea is if you have not tasted "Salada" Ceylon Tea. AT ALL GROCERS. IN LEAD PACKETS, BLACK OR MIXED.

P. C. LARKIN & CO.

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Be sure when you call for a 5, 10 or 20 cent. plug of DERBY PLUG SMOKING TOBACCO that the retailer does not induce you to buy any other in order that he may make a larger profit.

D. RITCHIE & CO.

the invitation. "Send for a slave and let us have the old test; there is none better." Pereira hesitated and Leonard's blood turned

the invitation. "Sand for a slave and let us have the old test; there is none better."

Pereira hesitated and Leonard's blood turned cold.
"Look here, young man," he said more furiously than before. "I have cut the throats of more men than you have whipped, and if you want a test I will give you one. Come down, my young cockerel, come down; there is plenty of light for comb-enipping."

The man turned white with rage, but stood a moment contemplating Leonard's athletic form and keen eyes. Apparently he found that in them which made him pause, for instead of springing at him he burst into a volume of threats and flithy abuse.

How the matter would have ended it is difficult to say, but at this juncture Pereira thought it well to interfere, and vigorously.
"Peace," he thundered, in his great voice, his white hair bristling with rage. "I have welcomed this man, and he is welcome. Is my word to be set aside by a drunken young brawler like you? Shut your ugly mouth, or, by the saints, I will have you clapped in irons."

The slave-driver obeyed; perhaps he was not sorry for an excuse to escape the quarrel; at any rate, with a scowl at Leonard he dropped back and was silent.

Harmony being thus restored, Pereira proceeded with the business of the evening. First, however, he called Leonard to him, shook him by the hand and bade a slave-girl bring him drink. Then he addressed the company thus:

"My lambs, my dear companions, my true and trusted friends, this is a sad moment for me, your old leader, for I stand here to bid you good-bye. To-morrow the Nest will know the Yellow Devil no more, and you must find another captain. Alas! I grow old, and am no longer up to the work and the trade is not what it was, thanks to those infernal Englishmen and their cruisers, which prowl up and down our waters, seeking to rob honest men of the fruits of their enterprise. For nearly fifty years I have been connected with the business, and I think that the natives of these parts will remember m—not angrily, ohl no, but as a benefactor, f curse of barbarism, and sent to learn the clessings of civilization and the arts of peace in the homes of kind and indulgent masters? Sometimes, not often, but sometimes there has been bloodshed in the course of our little expeditions. I regret it. But what will you? These people are so obstinate that they cannot see how good it is for them to come under my wing. And if they try to jojure us in our good work, why, we must fight. We all know the bitterness of ingratitude, but we have to put up with it. It is a trial sent to us from heaven, my lambs, always remember that. So I retire with such modest gains as I have won by a life of labor—indeed, they have gone before me, lest some of you might be put in the way of temptation—to spend the evening of my day in peace and prayer. And now there is one more little thing. As it chanced during our last journey, the daughter of an accursed Englishman fell into our hands. I took her and brought her here, and as her guardian I have asked you to meet me to night, that I may choose her a husband, as it is my duty to do I cannot help myself; I am far too old for such vanities, and among the settled people near Mozambique, where I am going to live, it might excite remarks. So I will be generous and pass her on to another. But to who mahall I give this prize, this pearl, this sweet and lovely maid? Among so many worthy gentlemen how can I set one above the others and declare him the worthiest of the largest present to me I will give this maid, to comfort him with her love; to make a present, mind you, not to pay a price. Still, perhaps it will be best that the amount of the present should be ascertained in the usual way, by bidding—in ounces of gold, if you please. One condition more, there shall be nothing immorral in this matter, nothing irregular, my firing a contraction.

should be ascertained in the usual way, by bidding—in ounces of gold, if you please. One condition more, there shall be nothing immoral in this matter, nothing irregular, my friends. The Church shall have its say in it, and he whom I select must wed the maid here, before us all. Have we not a priest at hand, and shall we find no work for him? Now, my children, time draws on. Ho! you, bring on the English maid."

This speech was not delivered quite so continuously as it is printed here. On the contrary, it was subject to many interruptions,

For Colds. Coughs,

Croup, Influenza, and Bronchitis,

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

Sure to Cure

the best of all anodyne

expectorants. Prompt to act,

mostly of an ironical nature, the aliusions to "a present" to be given for the girl and to the proposed marriage ceremony being received with screams of ribaid laughter. Now all this died, for every eye was watching for the appearance of Juanna.

In a few moments a figure clad in white and guarded by several men was seen advancing from the direction of the arms-house. The figure came on through the moonlight with a swift, agile step, looking neither to the right nor the left, till it arrived in front of the veranda and halted. Then it was that Leonard first saw Juanna Rodd. She was very tall and slight; her dark hair was twisted into a single knot at the back of her shapely head; her features were small, her face fair in coloring and somewhat rounded in form. So much he saw at a glance, but it was not until she looked up and round her that Leonard discovered the girl's peculiar glory, the glory of her eyes. Then and in that light he could not tell their color, a difficult task at any time, for they varied from gray to



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blue; according to the shadows which fell upon them, but he could see that they were wide and splendid fearless and yet soft. For the rest, she was clad in an Arab robe richly worked, and wore sandals on her feet. Juanna stopped in front of the veranda and searched it with her eyes. Presently they ceased searching, and she spoke in a clear, low voice.

searched it with her eyes. Freeenty they ceased searching, and she spoke in a clear, low voice.

"What do you want with me now, Dom Antonio Pereira i" she said.

"My dove," he answered in his coarse, mocking tones, "do not be angry with your slave. I promised you, my dove, that I would find a husband for you, and now all these gallant gentlemen are gathered for the choice. It is your marriage hour, my dove."

"Dom Antonio Pereira." the girl answered, "for the last time I plead to you. I am helpless here among you, and I have done you no injury; let me go unharmed. I pray of you."

"Let you go unharmed! Why, who would hurt you, my dove?" answered the satyr.

"You go to a husband."

"I shall never go to any husband of your choosing. Dom Antonio," Juanna said again in a low and steady voice. "Be assured of that, all of you. I have no fear of you, for God will help me in the last resource. And now, as I have pleaded to you for the last time, so for the last time I warn you, Dom Antonio, and your wicked companions also. Go on with this, if you will, but a judgment awaits you. Death is near to you, you murderer, and after death, vengeance."

Is near to you, you murderer, and after death, vengeance."

Thus she spoke, not loud indeed, but with a conviction, a power and a dignity of mien that carried terror to the hearts of the most hardened villains there. It was at the conclusion of her speech that her eyes first met those of Leonard Outram. He was bending forward to listen, and in his grief and anger he had forgotten to preserve the truculent expression which it was his part to wear. Once more Leonard's face was the face of an English gentleman, noble and open, if somewhat stern. Their eyes met, and there was that in his which caused Juanna to pause. She looked at him swifely, as though she would read his very soul, and in answer he put all his will and the desire that she should know him to be her friend. They had never met before, she did not even dream of his existence, and there was little in Leonard's outward appearance to distinguish him from the rufilans by whom he was surrounded. And yet her quick sense, sharpened by despair, read what was written in his eyes, and read it aright. From that moment Juanna felt that she was one at least who would save her if he could.

In an instant she had searched his face and dropped her eyes again, fearing lest she should

moment Juanna felt that she was not alone among these wolves, that there was one at least who would save her if he could.

In an instant she had searched his face and dropped her eyes again, fearing lest she should awake suspicion. Then came a pause, for the minds of men were disturbed; she had aroused some remnant of conscience in them, she had called to life the lively terror of vengeance to come, of vengeance very near at hand. All were affected more or less, but chiefly was he affected to whom she had addressed her words. The Yellow Devil sank back into the chair from which he had risen to speak, a wonderful chair with a footstool attached, made of ebony inlaid with ivory, and string seated. Superstitious dread took hold of him and he shivered visibly.

The scene was one which Leonard never forgot. Above the bright moon shone in the heavens, before him were rank upon rank of evil faces, each marked with some new emotion, and standing alone in their midst was the beautiful girl, proud in the depth of shame, defiant even in the power of foes gathered to deatroy her.

For a while the wind had dropped and the silence was deep; so deep was it that Leonard could hear the mew of a kitten which had crept from the veranda and was rubbing itself against Juanna's feet. She heard it also, and, stooping, picked up the little creature and held it to her breast.

"Let her go!" said a voice from the crowd. "She is a witch and will bring ill-luck upon us." At the sound Pereira seemed to awake. With a hideous oath he flung himself from the chair and waddled down the steps towards his victim.

"Curse you, you slut!" he said, "do you with your threats.

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chair and waddled down the steps towards his victim.

"Curse you, you slut!" he said, "do you think to frighten men with your threats. Let God help you if He can. The Yellow Devil is god here. You are as much in my power as this brute," and he snatched the kitten from her arms and dashed it to the ground, where it lay broken. "You see. God does not help the kitten, and He will not help you. Here, strip her. Let men see what they are going to ouy," and grasping the breast of her white robe he rent it open.

With one hand Juanna gathered up the torn dress, and with the other she began to do something to her hair. An agony of fear took hold of Leonard. He knew the story of the poison which she carried; was she about to use it?

Once again their eyes met and there was

dress, and with the other she degan took hold of Leonard. He knew the story of the poison which she carried; was she about to use it?

Once again their eyes met and there was warning in his glance. She loosed her dark hair indeed, and let it fall about her shoulders, covering her rent robe to the waist, but she did no more. Only after that Leonard saw that she kept her right hand closed, and he knew that her death was hidden within it. Then she spoke once more to Pereira.

"In your last hour may you remember these two deeds," she said, pointing to the writhing kitten and to her torn dress. Now slaves drew near to do their master's bidding, but even that audlence would not suffer this.

"Leave her alone," they said, "we can set that the girl is fair and perfect."

Then the slaves hung back, nor did Pereira repeat his commands.

Returning to the verands, he stood by the chair and, taking an empty glass in his hand by way of an auctioneer's hammer, began:

"Gentlemen, I am going to offer you a very choice lot, so choice that it makes up all the sale. The lot is a white girl, half English and half Portuguese by blood. She is well educated and devout; as to her docility I can say nothing, that will be for her husband to attend to. Of her beauty I need not speak, you can all see it for yourselves. Look at that figure, that hair, those eyes; have any of you known their equal? Well, this lot will be to him among you who is inclined to make me the largest present in compensation; yes, yes, he may take her this very night, and my blessing with her. But there are conditions; he whom I approve must be lawfully married to the girl by the priest Francisco here, and turning he pointed to a small melancholy-looking man, with a womanish face and dark blue eyes, who stood in the background, clothed in a priest's robe. "Then I shall have done my duty by her. One more thing, gentlemen: we are not going to waste time in little bids; the upset price will be thirty ounces."

"Silver? said a voice."

"Silver? said a voice.

"Silver? s

seemed that these two alone were competitors.
When the bids had reached seventy ounces the Arab muttered "Allah!" and gave up. He preferred to wait for the houris "Knock her down," said the wisened man, "she is mine."

"She is mine."

"She is mine."

"She is mine."

"Allah!" and wisened man, "She is mine."

"She is mine."

'Wait a while, my little friend," said the great Portugee, Xavier, who had passed the watergate before Leonard and his companions. I am going to begin now. Seventy five."

'Eighty, 'said the little man.
'Eighty,' said the little man.
'Silghty,' are amed the other.
'Ninety,' screamed the other.
'Ninety,' screamed the other.
'A hundred, 'yelled the small man.
'A hundred and five,'' replied Xavier, triumphantly capping his bid.
Then with a curse his antagonist gave up also, and the mob shouted, thinking that Xavier had won.
'Kaock her down, Pereira,'' said Xavier in listurn, as he surveyed his prize with affected unconcern.
'Wait a moment,'' nut in Leonard speaking.
''Wait a moment,'' nut in Leonard speaking.
''Wait a moment,'' nut in Leonard speaking.

was very near his limit of possible expenditure.

was very near his limit of possible expenditure.

"Now then," cried Pereira, licking his lips for joy, since the price had already run twenty ounces higher than he expected. "Now then, friend Xavier, am I to knock down this beauty to the stranger captain Pierre? It sounds a lot, but she is cheap at the price, dirt cheap. Book at her and bid up. But mind, it is cash down—no credit, no, not for an ounce."

"A hundred and fitteen." said Xavier, with the air of a man making his last throw for fortune.

"A hundred and twenty," said Leonard quietly.

"A hundred and twenty," said Leonard quietly,
He had bid to the last ounce in his possession, and if Xavier went further he must rive in, unless, indeed, he chose to offer Soa's ruby in payment. This, needless to say, he was not anxious to do; moreover, no one would believe a stone of that size to be genuine. But of all this he showed nothing in his face, but turning coully he called to a slave-girl to bring him spirits and busied himself with filling his glass. His hand never trembled, for he knew well that his antagonist was watching for a cue, and if he showed uncertainty all might be lost. But in his heart Leonard wondered what he should do if another ounce was bid.
Meanwhile the spectators were shouting encouragement, and Pereira was urging Xavier to increase his offer. For a while the Portugee hesitated, surveying Juanna, who stood pale and silent, her head bowed upon her breast. At this juncture Leonard turned, the glass still in his hand.
"Did you make any advance, senor?" he asked.
"No, curse you. Take her. I will not put

asked.
"No, curse you. Take her. I will not put down another ounce for her or any woman on

amed.
"No, curse you. Take her. I will not put down another ounce for her or any woman on the earth."

Leonard only smiled and looked at Pereira.
"Going!" said that worthy—"the white girl, Juanna, is going to the stranger Pierre for one hundred and twenty ounces of gold. Going! Come, Kavier, don't lose her. If you do you will only be sorry once, and that will be always. Now for the last time," and he lifted the glass in his hand and paused.

Xavier made a step forward and opened his lips to speak. Leonard's heart stood still, but presently the Portugee changed his mind and turned away.

"Gone!" screamed Pereira, bringing the glass down so heavily on the arm of his chair that it flew into fragments.

(To be Continued.)

(To be Continued.)

In some industries and enterprises it is enough to mention a name to inspire immediate confidence. Priestly's dress fabrics are known throughout the world. They are chiefly made in black, plain or fancy, and black and white. They are exquisite in beauty, and drappe with a soft harmoniousness of ensemble which no other dress fabrics can equal. These goods are now on sale in Canada by first-class dealers. The trade mark is "The Varnished Board" on which the goods are wrapped.

He (the day after Christmas)—And do you mean to tell me that in spite of what I told you—that we had spent one thousand more than our income this year—you have brought three new dresses, a new plano and a carpet for the parlor?

She—Yes, dear, but I arranged it all right; the bills won't be in until January, and all that will come out of next year's income.—Bazar.

Waiter Baker & Co., the largest cocoa and chocolate manufacturers on this continent, have carried off the highest honors at the World's Columbian Exposition. They received from the Board of Judges the highest awards (medals and diplomas) on all the articles contained in their exhibit; namely, breakfast cocoa, premium No. 1 chocolate, German aweet chocolate, vanilla chocolate, cocoa butter.

The judges states in their report that these products are characterized by "excellent flavor," "purity of material employed," and "uniform, even composition, indicating great care in point of mechanical preparation."

A copy of Miss Parlos's Choice Receipts will be sent free to any housekeeper, on application, by mail or otherwise, to Walter Baker & Co., Dorchester, Mass.

Mrs. Bloodgood—No, Mr. Dauber, I must positively refuse to take the portrait. My daughter's fea ures are not there at all. The Artist—Very well, Mrs. Bloodgood; it makes no difference at all. I have an order from the proprietor of the Jollington cafe, and as you say this does not resemble your daughter, I can easily paint out all the drapery and—"

and—"
Mrs. Bloodgood—Oh—er—dear me! Why,
now, perhaps if you were to change the expression of the left eye a trifle, it might do
after all.—Judge.

For Brain Fag

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE. USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. W. H. Fisher, Le Sueur, Minn., says: "I
find it very servicable in nervous debility, sexual weakness, brain fag, excessive use of tobacco, as a drink in fevers, and some urinary
troubles. It is a grand good remedy in all
cases where I have used it."

The bearded lady—Gracious heavens! The fleshy lady—What is it, dear? The bearded lady—I we just found two gray airs in my whiskers!—Puck

The Children's Enemy. Scrofula often shows itself in early life and is characterized by awellings, abscesses, hip disease, etc. Consumption is scrofula of the lungs. In this class of disease Scott's Emulsion is unquestionably the most reliable medicine.

"Bilkein's is a strong face, or I'm no judge of physiognomy."
"It ought to be. He and his whole family are living on it,"—Buffalo Courier.

Hecker-That's a very intelligent-looking

office boy of yours.

Decker—He is.

Hocker—Does he learn easily?

Decker—Remarkably so. I have just taught him to whistle After the Ball.—Puck.

Mrs. Welltodo—I do pity poor Miss Tufthunt, now that she has lost all her money. I can't see how she is going to be able to support herself.
Old Welltodo—I should think she might be able to find employment as a searcher of titles.

— Vogue.

Troubles and Dangers

Speak of the Marvellous Powers of Paine's Celery Compound



MRS. GILBERT F. SAUNDERS.

MRS. GILBERT F. SAUNDERS.

Our Canadian women are the most careful and conservative women on earth. They do not, as a rule, favor innovations and great radical changes, unless perfectly assured of happy results for the family and society.

In the field of sickness, suffering and disease, our Canadian women display remarkable wisdom and prudence. Few of them rush heedlessly for the common advertised pills and preparations of the day; they are more inclined to observe the popular treament of the times, to which such attention is now directed.

Feminine conservatism in Canada is not of a stubborn and inflexible character. Our best women recognize merit directly it appears, and are not slow to use the best and most approved means, especially when the restoration of health is concerned.



MRS. E. COLEMAN.

For some years Paine's Celery Compound has been the chosen and favorite medicine with thousands of our Canadian women in every province. This truly wonderful medicine has almost entirely superseded the methods of the old schools; it has done more for suffering humanity than all the combined efforts of physicians.

No other medicine of our times has ever drawn forth such hearty and honest commendation and testimony as Paine's Celery Compound from women of all ranks.

In this issue we give the portraits of three Canadian ladies who have been restored and made whole through the marvelous curing powers of Paine's Celery Compound. These ladies did not yield to the interested motives of profit-loving medicine dealers; they were not persuaded to try the something else just as good; they were fortunate enough to buy the only medicine that could save their lives.



MRS JOHN H. PIERCE.

The following testimonials forcibly speak in favor of the one remety that every sick, suffer-ing and weary woman should use. Mrs. Gilbert F. Saunders, of Owen Sound,

Ont., says:
"For over a year I was troubled with pains
"For over a year I was troubled with pains
and legand shoulder, and was in a bad

Ont., says:

"For over a year I was troubled with pains in my head, leg and shoulder, and was in a bad condition. I went to four doctors, but they gave me no relief. A physician afterwards advised me to use your Paine's Celery Compound; I did so, and it has completely cured me. I recommend it highly to all who suffer from the same ailments."

Mra. E. Coleman, of Brant House, Burlington, Ont., who was ill for nearly 20 years, says:
"I feel it my duty to let you know what Paine's Celery Compound has done for me. I am now 60 years of age, and have been very ill for nearly 20 years. During my long illness doctors and patent medicines failed to cure me. At the hospital I was told that I was suffering from tumors; and often, no matter how I tried to cheer myself, I felt like putting an end to my life. I heard of your Paine's Celery Compound and commenced to use it, and it has done wonders for me. I can now yet up at five o'clock every morning and get my sons off to work at seven; and very often I walk six miles before I take breakfast. I feel better than ever before in my life, and my friends are surprised at the wonderful change in my health. Paine's Celery Compound is a grand medicine, and I will always recommend it to those who need it."

Mrs. John H. Pierce, of King Street West, St. John, N. B., forcibly writes:

"I consider it a duty to recommend your Paine's Celery Compound to suffering humanity. I suffered terribly from constipation, weakness, nervousness, kidney and liver troubles; I was also subject to those tired, weary feelings, and had a slight touch of skin disease. The first dose of Paine's Celery Compound relieved me; and now, after having taken three bottles, I feel much better. I am not constipated, I have no weak feelings, and I est and sleep well. I gave the Compound to my baby and she thrived well on it. It is a grand remedy, and I hope all who read this may benefit by my recommendation."

SURPRISE SOAP

does the wash without boiling or scalding a single piece.

Place a Cake

Baby's Own Soap

in your linen drawer and it will impart to your clothes the delicate aroma of fine French Pot-Pourri in a modified degree.

The longer you keep the Soap before using it the better.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP Co., Montreal, Sole Manufacturers

Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to ob-serve the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must serve the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspon-denta need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, seraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

ARSENIUS .- A fine, honest and intrepid nature, with generous and kind temper, rather undue self-esteem and a light but persevering will. Your writing is not yet fully formed and promises great things.

Niss L. B.—I never send delineations by mail, unless the necessary fee is enclosed. The coupon satisfies you to a study in your turn in this column, but not to a private study. This column is for the benefit and ammement of the readers of the paper only, and my time is devoted to

PLACER MINE.—I am rather tired of answering the question you ask. Surely you have seen it responded to before. 2. Your very expressive writing shows tenacity, ideality, ambition and decisive will. Writer is self-opinionated, fond of comfort and distinctly unsympathetic, elever and

MAYSIR.—1. I have another correspondent of your name in the South; this study comes from Brantford. 2 Your writing shows great imagination, but not much strength, gentle and amiable impulses, much and undue ambition, love of beauty, vivacious manner, a little affectation and a lack of discipline. 3. The poem is trashy and inane.

lack of discipline. 3. The poem is trasby and inane.

XYMPHOH.—You also depreciate your value unduly. You are not stupid, but you don't exert yourself to be as smart as you could. You are persistent, forceful, discreet, somewhat fond of praise, very impetuous and sometimes unreasonable in expectations, with some love of humor and considerable desire for success. Some ingenuity, imagination and prejudice are shown.

BOOTS, E. E.-1. The boy poet referred to is Chatterton Boors, E. E.—I. The boy poet referred to is Chatterton. 2 Your writing shows practical ability, a rather doo confiding nature. You would be a poor guardian of eccrets. You are not very enduring, lack buoyancy and vivacity; at the same time you are far from weak. I think you have time to improve in many ways and sense to cultivate and develop your very excellent promise.

develop your very excessen promise.

MAUD, CHESS — I don't shink it was very dignified but there was nothing bold about it; the style rather savors of the "smartle." A very little of that disgusts a young man quicker than anything on earth. I think you rather a charming person, but don't be too generous of your favors to any chance acquaintance. You did not request a delineation, but your second style of writing is much more lady-like than your first. like than your first.

DIANA. - Your writing belies your insinuation of timidity Diam.—Your writing celles your institution or timidity and it think you did not require any extra courage to send your six lines. You are rather clever and decidedly self-reliant, fond of society and inclined to social pleasures; your will is steady, aspiring and unusually decided; you have the heavier rather than the siry attractions; some impatience, capacity for self-denial and a pretty good temper, with uncertain judgment and an impulsive streak, are yighle.

Mixes Pis.—You are independent in character, original in method, and of markedly forceful and energetic will. You should be quick in perception and also in temper, very bright in manner, but disposed to be cansorious, rather apt to chafe at delay, and more than apt to speak hastily. Such a woman would live every hour of her life and carry an atmosphere of a decidedly breezy character with her. A good deal of ability and some culture are

CLIX -Your writing shows a very aspiring and dominan CLX.—Your writing shows a very sapiring and dominant will, extreme love of comfort, and good capacity for affection. I am some what afraid you are a little selfish and need thought for others. Your fancies are, however, constant, and your general method practical and full of power. You have excellent sequence of ideas, some balent for management, love of system and care for details, which you don't always get oredit for. There are few stupid ideas in your basis, and plenty of wise and clayer ones. your brain and plenty of wise and clever ones.

ALICE -Your writing is of the ambitious order, my friend, and the up lines are so strong and determined that your ambitions are as good as realized. You are not markedly vivacious nor is your imagination extremely vivid. You are matter-of-fact, but by no means heavy vivid. You are massification, one by no means neary. Your nerves are sharp and possibly sometimes hard to control. I think you are sometimes harsh in judgment of others, and a little apt to condemn, but impastions and positive people nearly always have that weakness. You are cartainly vary honest and sincere and persevering when it's worth while.

KATHLEER.—I think you are a natural humoriet. your study was the funniest I've ever had. I think your summing up of the facts that you live on the shore of that lovely bay, are an old maid and can enjoy the scenery without inserruption, was quite delightful. You are very sincere, frank and reliable, rather aspiring and of elevated ideas, bright in manner and perception; the simplicity of childhood, and the quaint knowledge of which you show traces, make your lines very intercesing. You are some-

what sensitive, very careful and most conscientious. Your judgment is not infallible, but you can generally be de-pended upon. I wish you would write again and tell me something further of your experiences.

something further of your experiences.

Picxio, St. Catharines.—1. I give your residence because
I am not quite able to read your nam de plume. 2. I can't
tell you what will keep your hair from coming out. Perhape you wash it stoo often, brush it too hard or don't do
either sufficiently. If your scalp is hard and dry, brush
your hair regularly fifteen minutes night and morning, and
rub the scalp with seme oily tonic. If you've been using
sny wash or dye, don't continue it. You did not tell me
anything about the matter, consequently I'm rather in the sny wash or dye, don't continue it. You did not tell me anything about the matter, consequently I'm rather in the dark as to advising you. 3. Wash the hands in lukewarm water with some good soap, rises and dry, then rub them with Alsaka Oream and wear loose kid gloves at night, from the palms of which you must cut a circle as large as a half dollar. 4. Your writing shows a discreet, amiable and somewhat frank and courageous nature, not markedly olever, but with steady purpose, somewhat of an idealist and rather self-assertive, a reasonably strong but not brilliant person. Are you not rather young? liant person. Are you not rather young?



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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

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The Head of the British Foreign

S IR PHILIP W. CURRIE, whose marriage to Mrs. Singleton was cabled last marriage has for your to Mrs. Singleton was cabled last week, has for years been the guiding spirit of the British Foreign Office and consequently takes a foremost place among the ablest diplomats of Europe. He has just been assigned the most difficult post on her Ma jesty's diplomatic staff, that of Ambassador to



Sir Philip Currie.

Constantinople. Sir Philip was married to Mrs. Singleton, the widow of Henry Singleton. a wealthy land owner of Hampshire, on the eve of his departure. Sir Philip is now and has been for at least the last four years the guiding spirit of the British Foreign Office. He was, and is, under-Secretary of State, and Secretaries of State might come and go but he seems likely to go on forever. He began his career as a clerk in the foreign office when he left Eton. He is pleasant and accessible in address, and has none of the hauteur of the old-fashioned official. He is in every sense of the term a man of the world.

The Drama.

FLAG of Truce is a melodrama in which the passions are torn to shreds. The mechanical and scenic effects, as in all plays produced under Walter San ford's auspices, are strikingly ngenious. The company now producing the play through Canada is, altogether, a fair one, but the play requires that one be either a novice at playgoing or in a lachrymose humor before he can

enjoy the intense grief and extreme pathos of some of its episodes. Apart from its mechanical novelties the piece is devoid of originality The villain is much the same gentleman whom we see in every play. He was the rejected suitor for Annie's hand, but after a lapse of years he came upon the scene smiling and vowing to destroy the happy home. He caused Tom, the husband, to be drafted for the war-the play opens at the time of the American civil war-but his scheme was frustrated by Tom's brother Jim, an eccentric and melar choly convert from past evil ways, who stepped forward as a substitute. The villain after wards came with forged papers showing that Jim had deserted, and Tom, to redeem the family name, left home in the night to take his brother's place. Tom was made prisoner at Andersonville, Jim's letters were intercepted and the villain produced news that both were dead. Fourteen months went by and Annie onsented to marry the villain whose holy love had been burning high all the while. ceremony was taking place in the church when Tom's old father found himself confronted by the wounded, worn-out person of his son Tom. Another moment and he was delighted with the sight his son Jim, a gallant soldier who had won the rank of captain, and with his past re-deemed had become an open-souled fellow. The brothers met ; it came out that Jim had never deserted. The whole villainy of the villain dawned upon all. Maida, the old Irish nurse, went scampering across the lots to the church, arriving just in time to prevent the ceremony. The family was happily reunited. The closing scene showed the stone quarry, the villain anxious to kill Tom, but there is a mad race and the villain rushes over the edge of a precipice, about half a mile high, and we came away happy.

The most beautifully consistent and perse vering thing in the whole gamut of human sentiment, is the love of a villain for another man's wife. This is a solemn truth if the melodrama is at all true to human nature. The way a villain will forge documents, commit murders, wreck ships, burn buildings and blow up mills and other impediments in his fatuous desire to possess himself of a married woman, whose power to inspire even a much milder passion is often an enigma to all be-holders—the lengths to which he will go, I say, serve to give us a new faith in the sincerity of modern love. Love is sneered at as a fictitious thing, an exploded fogyism; people in the sunnier climes of Spain and Italy often accuse as of being cold in our love. One of our melodramas should make a tour of Spain and Italy.

On Monday night Patti occupied the Grand,

making her last, final, conclusive, positive farewell appearance in Toronto. The bexcffice receipts are said to have exceeded five thousand dollars. Her actual, most positive farewell appearance will likely be the future occasion when the box-office receipts will fall to about one-third that sum. The opera Robin Hood is being sung for the balance of the week. It is a very pleasant opera and is proving quite a social card.

The Californian Opera Company sang a return engagement at the Academy of Music on the first three nights of the week, and Bessie Bonehill in Playmates occupies the boards the latter half. Ward and Vokes, the great pair of specialists, have provoked more than any two visitors at any house laughter than any two visitors at any house during the season.

Waifs of New York will run next week at acobs & Sparrow's.

Miss Jessie Alexander left for New York yesterday, where she gives a recital next week at Carnegie Music Hall. After a short tour through New England and several engage-ments in and around Montreal, she will return to Toronto about the end of the month.

Miss Elith Lelean, B.E., is being very heartily received in her many elocutionary ngagements.

After the Ball, which will be at the Grand the first half of next week, is said to be a very amusing farce-comedy.

Henry Irving and Ellen Terry will appear at the Grand Opera House on February 19, 20, and 21 in the following repertoire: Monday, February 19, Becket: Tuesday, Nana Oldfield and The Bells; Wednesday matinee, The Merchant of Venice; Wednesday evening, Louis XI. The sale of seats begins on Wednesday, February 14.

In answer to many enquiries it may be said that Willard will appear in Toronto before the end of the season, and will probably put on Hamlet. In June he will return to England and take a year's rest, returning to the stage in the season of 1895 96.

Miss Agnes Knox gave one of her charming recitals in Olivet Congregational church on Tuesday evening, appearing to great advantage in her choice selections. Miss Hallie Maud Howard sang with fine effect, her rendition of De Kovan's A Word at Twilight being particu-

The production of Antigone at the Academy of Music next week will undoubtedly prove one of the biggest and best things of the dramatic season. There has been no pinching in getting it up, the cost running up into the thousands: it has one of the best business managers, one of the best vocal managers, one of the best drill and dramatic managers, and one of the best music conductors, that the city affords. It cannot help being a mammoth

The Champion Fancy Skater.

T the Granite Rink, in this city, on Wednesday next, February 14, Mr. George A. Meagher, the world's champion figure skater, will give an exhibition of his wonderful skill on the steel runners. Mr. Meagher is a Canadian who has won honors alike at home and abroad. He won the championship in 1891 and is competent to hold it against all comers. He has skated before Lord Lansdowne and Lord Stanley, and the Granite Rink managers have invited Lord Aberdeen to favor the affair of next Wednesday evening with his patronage, though a positive answer has not yet been received. The champion per-



George A. Meagher, the World's Champion figure skater.

forms upon a pair of skates that form almost a half-circle, only about one inch of each runner touching the ice. One less expert would find it difficult to keep his feet on such skates, without cutting the marvelous figures that Mr. Meagher glides through so airily. In his repertoire he has twenty three different grape-vines, and performs almost every trick yet invented. Skating is one of the essentially Canadian pastimes, and there has been a distinct revival of it in Canada this year. The weather, though snow has been light in some parts, has been clear and sharp as a rule, and never was ice better. Another year may see society giving the same attention to ice sports kind as once made our winters so delightful. Curling, hockey and skating are already so popular as to make the present winter one of solid enjoyment. Hockey enthusiasts should foster the game in the small towns and make it the "winter lacrosse" of Canada.

Bits of Advice.

Don't wait for the wagon while the waiking

Don't grieve over spilt milk while there's one ow left in the pasture.

stitution.

Don't say the world is growing worse when you are doing nothing to make it better. Don't let the grass grow under your feet The cows can't get at it there.—Atlanta ConBill Nye.

That very funny writer and entertainer, Bill Nye, with his partner in mirth, William Hawey Smith, are announced for the Pavilion on Thursday evening, February 15, in one of their humorous programmes. Bill Nye talks as he writes—jogging solemnly and leisurely ahead on serious sentences and then suddenly upset-



ON THE ROAD, -WINTER VIEW "Before traveling the highway of success, the amateur lecturer must contribute many sobs and 3-sheet posters, and his amateur managers will meet with reverses of for tunes, while the lecturer's cuffs are going through the same process."—Bill Nye.

ting on a solid joke. Sometimes he varies the way to the climax by throwing in quaint cemarks or comic comparisons, but the embellishments are always effective and always give a high coloring to the point of the story. But But away down deep in Nye's funny remarks is a touch of human nature always. That is the reason he has been a live humorist so long.



Bill Nye says: "I have not been richly en dowed by nature with the fatal gift of beauty,

but it might have been worse than it is, though when I pass through a car and afterwards look back and see the passengers examining their watches to see if they are still running, I can think of the short, stout lady and say, 'What if I too had been thus?'" The plan of seats opens at Nordheimer's next Monday morning at ten o'clock.

K.eiser's Star Course.

The fifth number in Kleiser's Star Course has been announced for Monday evening, February 19th, at the Pavilion, and we are pleased to learn that Mr. Robert J. Burdette, formerly

associated with the Burlington Hawk-eye, is to be the attraction. He will be heard in Our Miss on in Mars, which is said to be equal to his most humorous efforts. That Burdette has been an established favorite for many years in Toronto is shown by the following notice clipped from the Mail when old Shaftesbury Hall was the most favored place f amusement in Toronto: Never has such an audience been crowded into Shaftesbury Hall as gathered there last even-ing to hear Mr. Robert J. Burdette, the Hawk eye man. From seven o'clock until after eight o'clock they came in one continu ous stream until standing room was at a premium, and hun dreds had to be turned away. The audience included his Honor the Lieut.-Governor and the Government House party, prominent ministers of the city, pro fessional and business men of all classes, and a large detachment of 'Varsity and medical atudente. Mr. Burdette, in concluding, was loudly cheered

was that they had spent a thoroughly enjoyable evening. The plan of seats opens at Messrs, A. & S.

Nordbeimer's next Monday morning at ten o'clock.

Mrs. Kendal as a Poet.

Mrs. Kendal is not content, it would seem, with having, in a dramatic sense, conquered America. With the laurel crown of the victor she is now determined to entwine the wreath of the poet. There can be no doubt whatever about this, for the pages of the current number of Munsey's Magazine bear witness to the fact. In that transatlantic periodical she has, so to speak, descended, like another Minerva springing fully armed from the head of Jupiter, into the poetic arena, and is pre-pared, with a disregard of rhyme and rhythm

almost Whitmanesque in its daringness, to do battle for the bays. A brief year or two ago she was not even included in the list of minor hards compiled by Mr. H. D. Traill, and vet now she bounds into the arena with sodical panegyric of the late Mr. Edwin Booth commencing as follows:

> Thy art two nations have paid tribute to ; Thy name the world doth know ; Yet in the smaller world Among thy friends Art thou endeared the most

Having added that it would need a "magi-cian's pen" to tell of the deceased actor's generosity "both on and off the stage," Mrs. Kendal at once proceeds to tell it with her own in stanzas which I am, unfortunately, not able to quote. I must at any hazard, however, find space for the lines in which, atill addressing the late Mr. Booth, she writes:

The night that thou wast born Meteors flashed in the sky; The heavens were illumined,
And on thy head did fall a crown of art.

This must have been a very dangerous evening for anyone not a born actor to have been out in. Into the higher flights with which the poem ends I will not attempt to follow Mrs. Kendal, but I think I may venture to express hope that when she next thus boldly mounts her Pegasus it will be on British soil. That is to say, she must not give up to Munsey talents so evidently meant for mankind.-Labouchere

Give Us the Facts.

From a paper called Authors at Home we discover that Oliver Wendell Holmes eats. sleeps, drinks, walks, and talks pretty much as the rest of us do. This is news to us Kansas folks. Aldrich gets up at seven o'clock and eighteen minutes, eats breakfast at four minutes after eight, prinks until six minutes after nine, writes for three minutes until ten to eight minutes after two. He eats a big dinner at five and a quarter, gives it sixty-nine minutes to digest, and is then ready for poetry orders. These facts about our leading literary guns are of the highest interest to our nation, and we want more of them. Tell us if Howells believes in red flannels? What is the size of Stedman's collar ? Does Miss Phelps use sugar in her tea? Is it true that Kate Field won't wear a bustle? Is it a fact that Miss Alcott knits her own stockings? Does Whittier really eat buck wheat cakes and sausage? Is it so that Nora Perry never had the measles Give us more of this "Home Life" business.--

Beauty Making.

The art of dyeing the hair is at least as old as the time of Christ. It was by resorting to such aids to heauty that Cleonatra tried to canture All through history ladies of fashion have tried to improve upon nature by artificially coloring that which St. Paul tells us is their glory. In the hey day of Venice, the facile beauties of the city of the lagoons dyed their hair a red to which Titian was not ashamed to affix his name. The belle of belles in that day had red hair, not bright red, but a Juli red, with glints of crimson. More recently, almost in our own time, a rage arose for bright blonde hair, as to which there was a tradition that it had been popular with the Greek hetaire. Blonde heads blocked the thoroughfares, and young ladies of good re pute did not disdain to employ the dyer until his services were monopolized by another class. In our day, the popular color is a bright shade of auburn-the blond cendre of the boulevardsand silly girls go through martyrdom to im part that tint to their locks. For the popularity of blonde hair there is the excuse that it is rarer than black or brown hair, and finer. Everybody knows that the legend of the Golden Fleece was suggested by the ardor with which Jason and other Greek connoisseurs pursued the blonde haired maidens of Colchis.

Almost all hair dyes consist of sulphur and acetate of lead, both of which are injurious to so delicate a plant as human hair. It need hardly



ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

and the unanimous verdict of the audience | be said that the effect of a continued use of such medicaments is to enfeable and ultimately to rot the root sheaths; baldness then ensues and for that science has discovered no remedy.
The picture of Mrs. Skewton striving behind her rose-colored curtains to repair the ravages of time, is one which has always touched the sympathetic heart. It reminds one of old men who throw the gauntlet down to the years and insist that they are only as old as they feel.

Nature laughs at such tricks to defy chronology. And among the young, devices to prove upon charms which are natural lead only to disappointment and heart-burning. They deceive no one. The girl who dyes or bleaches her hair might just as well carry a placard : "I am a work of art; admire me!" And she who paints or rouges her face owes it to her family to flourish a flag bearing the device "I am not what you think—I am respectable."
—San Francisco Argonaut.

In a British Columbia Forest.

rday Night. A thousand years amid the hills alone,
Along the canyons where the torrents sweep,
These silent trees, forever green, have grown
From vast to measureless, beside the deep.

The silver fir, the vew and mountain pine Stood in this towering fabric Nature raised; The cedar and arbutus and the vine, Ere early pioneers their covering "blazed."

But in the yellow sands the Fraser rolled Through gorges dark from far-off mountain chains, Some traveler chanced to find the drifted gold, And so these vales were peopled from the plains

And through the forest, that was still so long, Were seen fresh footprints, and upon the air There came faint echoes of an unknown tongue, Along the cliffs beside the river there.

Still, still the Indians and the Chinamen Are washing gold upon the river shore, The campe depart and new campe come again, But the old forcet stands forevarmore.

The Cariboo road is abandoned now, The cestler's lumbering wagon is never seen
A railway thunders on the mountain's brow,
Amid the leafy ath and hemlock green.

But still the forests of the summer hills Remain unmarred, where breathes the sweet Chi Wet with the stream the glacier distil Into the silver runnels of the brook.

The yellow cypress and the cottonwood Are emirched with rime and hung with mosses loose; There dogwood, birch and juniper have stood, Growing through the centuries, with the balsam

Still sway the heavy ferns with every breeze and still the scanty force flowers appear; low moves the mild wind through gigantic trees, For Nature reached his very zenith here.

And such a forest is this pathless wild As those the med a ral poets drew, A hill of darkness where no lady mild Might ever venture, no knight gallop through.

Oh, would that accurate John Maundeville
Could tell in language fresh what we have seen;
Then should the world kn: w that the world has still
The wildernesses of the Faerie Queene. FZRA H. STAFFORD, M. B.

Let's String the Hammock.

ome let's string the hammook in the shading woods close

Where the whip-poor-will, the black bat and the night hawk flit and fly. Where ten thousand tiny hammooks in rough wild pro-fusion lie,

e lightly strung from grass to grass and some strung up

on high, Each spangled with fine dew-drops like the star-bespangled sky,
And strung out in the moonlight like soft slike hung out

to dry.

Each hammock holds a lover bold, and each a loved one shy; The lover's but a spider and his loved a gentle ily.

How lovingly he eyes her wish that large round lustrone eye-'Tie said, in sooth, he kisses her, in truth, I've seen him

That wicked loving spider and his darling little fly!

How she fusses, how she buzzes as she walls her plaintive ory,
After many light-winged efforts she resigns them with a

And she faintly droops and flutters as the coyly feigns to

But he shakes the hammock gently and he soothes the

Then come let's string the hammook in the shading woods close by,
Where the whip-poor-will, the black bat and the night

hawk flit and fly; and the spinning, winning spider weaves his love web

And the spinning, wanting species soft and dry,

O! we'll dangle in that gauzy web together, you and I;

We'll entangle in its meshes and upon the network lie,

And I'll fondle you and trace you as the spider does the

Walter Taylon.

The Tramp.

n a stone by the wayside half naked and cold, And sour'd in the struggle of life,
Mith his parchment envelope grown winkled and old,
Sat the tramp, with his crust and his knife.
And the leaves of the forest fell round him in showers.—
And the sharp, stinging flurries of enow,
That had warned off the robins to sunnier howers,
Admonished him too, he should go.

But Autumn had gone, having gathered his sheaves, And the giories of summer were past; And spring, with the swallows that built in the caves, Had it is him the weakest and last!

So he ast there alone, for the world could not heal

A disease without pain, without care—

Without joy, without hops, too inscrease to feel,— Too utterly lost for despair !

But he thought, while the night, and the darkness, and

groom,
That gathered around him so fast,
lid the moon and the stars in their cold shrouded somb,
Of the fair, but the far-distant past :
round him a vision of beauty aross, Unpainted, unpench'd by art .-His home, father, mother, sweet peace and repose From his sad repertoire of the heart And brightly the visions came gliding along,

Like school from lands far away.

And the glad ringing laughter of girlhood was there, And one 'mong the others so dear That o'er his life's record, too black for despair, Flowed the sad sacred joy of a tear

And he held, while he listened, his orust, half concu med, In his cold, shriveled hand, growing weak, While a glory shone round him that warmed and illumed The few frozen tears on his cheek. n the dark elient night, thus his spirit had flown. Like the sigh of a low, passing breath ;— Life's bubble had burst, and another gone down

In the bright wakir g morn, by the side of the way, On the crisp, freen leaves shed around, The knite, and the cruek, and the casket of clay, Which the tramp left behind him, were found! And bound rourd his neck, as he lay there alone, Was the image, both youthful and fair. of a sweet, laughing girl, with a blue ribbon zone And a single white rose in her hair

In the deep, shoreless ocean of de-

Was he loved? Was she wed? Was she daughter or wife, Or sister? The world may not read Her story or his. They are loss with the life,—Recorded, "A tramp was found dead?" Found dead by the way," in the gloom and the cold—The boy whom a mother had kneed, The soe whom a father could proudly enfold, The brother a elster had misr'd!

Found dead by the way!" whom a maiden's first love Had hallow'd—a'en worshipped in part, and olothed in a light from the glory above, To each rine in her pure virgin heart. To each rine in her pure virgin heart. To each rown, like a dog, in his lair. To be thrown, like a dog, in his lair. Yet he peace fully sleepe, as the stone by his side, and riols as the revoir millionaire!

And riols as the revoir millionaire!

— Donald McCaig's Peems (Hunter, Rose & Co.)

Bei ered mouths f disliking t

Feb.

by the Japan personally d that it is an t eral society. ning at the podown to the and there who are d a creature v refuse a kiss i give my paper gest the hang tively no kissi

the Old Cour

ceremony of b family t I re near the sea, all branches, a parent stem. ! son, with a realdermanic w three children then he had the children pe five, six, and p Grecian bend he nearly upse nine, he was he man gave this top of its little with his eyes h grunt which I the equivalent Now, in Japa

by a mistak and even la in Dublin. I not kissed. I may soueeze h never meets lip by love. In Jan braced, but no divorced for the In Japan the ch dead child, or the living. Ah Not I, for one. some day have flowery land. I gration to her. lized Jap! I lunched out board on which

me were of sturdy house flow wers, grown minently sugge mild spring air, door delights. B tion, but as I fas enviously at my dainty lovelines tinted, most de them, nor how I the first glance, rew a mist over queer trick and about that ti far-off golden su ack upon when we will not tell of moment, for i

the gospel of laugman), must be on scrawny, cold-eye whistle to their do here and there orkhouse puddir only laugh when mirth is an affect should be serious small we took of les, in the u covering miles of which we now cov regulation rides. of malice prepense as we played, with mind or body. A not logical; I kno glad of it, for neit o have him try a of his wrinkle appearance, for "

Patti has "been east, and the verd farewell. We are miring of her end fishness, but we are we were. Patti's who come to hes curiosity, or somet before us these las little painted doll, her failing voice, cold divinity, not so as bad as we know parisons. Fancy cold divinity, not so as bad as we know parisons. Fancy cold page of Patti Bavarian expressions with divinity in the cold page of Patti Bavarian expressions with divinity in the content of the con details, so far as locality, dates and how little was the cak that shadows t

Patti has "been

sques, and this was no church fair as far as

cal delusions in his time, but this struck him

as strange. If there had been four number nine

ammunition boots that would have been on the

programme, but there were none. So he turned anxiously to the archdeacon and said, "For

heaven's sake, what's your liquor in this coun

try?" But there were no shoes. It was two miles to bazaar or barracks, and Government

socks at sixpence a pair are not good running gear. I met Frank an hour atterwards. His faith in Christianity was intensified, but whe-

ther the archdeacon ever recovered I know not.

Manchard and I intended to do the respect-

able. Surprises are pleasant things in life.

Everybody that knows anything knows Shep-herd's Hotel. A Turkish bath, a shave, a

recherche dinner at Shepherd's, a drive through the bazaars, an evening at the opera, and then

bed. We expected to be slightly shocked at

the opera, but we intended to stand it under the circumstances. All the items took place.

If anybody leaves you any money and you go to Cairo, go to Shepherd's and ask for Man-

chard or myself. They will remember us. Describe two young men dressed in polyglot uniform, who, through the improvidence of

their guardians, could speak fair English, and on account of their large talk and the fact that

they were the first arrivals from the extreme

front of the seat of war, gave the impression to everybody that they were generals at least.

You can travel far on ten pounds in Egypt if

you know the people. We traveled as far as

We went there in a carriage. Being accus

tomed to meet all sorts and conditions of

mer, the request to have a private dining-room was diffidently declined. Dining rooms

are high at Shepherd's, and cash table d'hote would be tolerated that evening. We would

consider the matter again. We had no bag-gage, so the matter was not pressed, and

whether we were to confer and sleep at the

houses of the Ministry was left in a state of

I hate to use the words "heavy swells," but

t seemed that everybody around Shepherd's

was built that way. A fellow blacked my boots the day I left, and when the last sixpence I had was deposited in his hands I wondered from

his manner whether he was a baronet or not.

He was not. He stole my helmets, and that is

not the characteristic of a baronet. We dined

table d'hote. I confess it; although I have sometimes congratulated myself that I have

been able to dine at all on account of the prac-

The Egyptian question bothered the nations

of the earth at that time, and Cairo was full of diplomats, ambassadors, Canadian voyageurs

and other envoy extraordinary. An English lord sat at Manchard's right, the place of

honor, and I was vis a vis with a French count.

I had harbored the thought that he was a duke on account of his eating fish with a knife.

No ordinary count can do that. Hobnobbing

with him was Jack Boyle. With the confidence begotten of four sherries and bitters, we

had invited Jack. Jack was ill at ease at first, but a bottle of the count's claret brought con-

information from the front was strong. They

heard it. A Bulgarian attache began surrepti-tiously to take notes on his cuff at Jack Boyle's

third bottle. Jack's opinions on Lord Woles-

ley, Mr. Gladstone, the Suez Canal, Egyptian

bonds, were, to say the least of it, remarkable.

The lord, who happened to be a Jingo and sympathized with Jack's assertion that the

whole blooming continent of Africa should be

by a hearty slap on the back and a "I don't mind, old bird, seeing it's you!" The refined

sensibilities of a Russian invalid tourist were,

I fear, wounded when Jack wanted to twist

wrists with him for five pounds and the drinks

for the house; and the people of the house

I want to say right here, the only thing

against Manchard was that he was too aristo

cratic. Because it happened to be a habit in that country to have a runner with a wand be-

fore your carriage, there was no necessity

ranged for that he, hearing that princes and

full ambassadors always had two, should order

that extravagant number. We certainly were

not ambassadors if we were full. Jack had

disappeared. The carriage with all ceremony

was drawn up at the main entrance and the

commissariat department looked after by my-

self; to have a thing attended to well one

must do it himself. There is a swagger drive

the postprandial drive was being ar

wondered at the foreign generals.

at once taken possession of, was rather at after a timorous invitation to a glass of

ession of, was rather startled

tical failure of the British expedition

They will know us.

the road was cut.

beautiful doubt.

Between You and Me.

CORRESPOND ENT has written ask ing me to raise my protest against friends present their many shaped and puck ered mouths to her. Without going the length of disliking the practice to the extent exacted by the Japanese code of etiquette, or finding it personally disagreeable, as does the exasper-ated correspondent, I certainly agree with her that it is an unnecessary demonstration in general society. I like to kiss some women, in fact I sin regularly in one little circle, begin and there are many of my friends who are demonstrative and whom I always meet half way, for did you ever know a creature with a touch of Irish who would refuse a kiss? I don't know what counsel to give my paper friend, except that I might sug-gest the hanging of a few small hand-painted igns in her hall and drawing-room, tively no kissing"—and I am quite sure her women friends would take the hint.

It is curious what an institution kissing is in the Old Country. Who will ever forget the ceremony of bidding good night to their elders by the children of some well-bred English family! I remember in dear, dirty Dublin being invited to high tea in a lovely home down near the sea, where the olive tree was nearly all branches, and the branches very loyal to the parent stem. The parent stem was a small person, with a rosy face and a respectable and aldermanic waistband. He kissed the first hree children on the level, as one might say then he had to begin stooping. One by one the children passed by and were saluted, four, five, six, and papa's face turned crimson as his Grecian bend grew more pronounced; seven, he nearly upset; eight, he looked distressed nine, he was hasty; ten, and the poor gentle man gave this wee one an irascible peck on the top of its little red head and straightened up with his eyes half out of their sockets, and a runt which I am sure in monkey language is the equivalent of a swear!

Now, in Japan no papa is thus victimized by a mistaken sense of duty, though papas in Japan often have as large ivorced for the mistake of talking too much. In Japan the chill lips and brow of the dear, dead child, or mother, or friend are never touched by the quivering, mourning mouth of the living. Ah! who wants to live in Japan Not I, for one. Perhaps, however, we shall some day have word that the correspondent who started this tirade has removed to that would be caught trying to kiss some scanda-

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I lunched out the other day at a festive oard on which lay a bouquet for each guest. Some were of hothouse beauties, some of some were of notabuse beauties, some of sturdy house flowers, some of pale dainty wild flowers, grown of course under glass, but eminently suggestive of purling water, and mild spring air, and shady corners and out-ofdoor delights. Mine was of the first description, but as I fastened it in my gown I looked enviously at my vis a vis. who had, as her dainty loveliness demanded, the faintest tinted, most delicate posey of pale wild flowers. She never guessed how I wanted em, nor how I would not look at them after first glance, because the sight of them v a mist over my eyes and made my tongue queer tricks with the Queen's English. have our memories and our associations, and about that tiny posey both shone from the far off golden summer that we can all look ack upon when we are old enough, and that we will not tell of, no, not even to ourselves at the moment, for it is too far, too dear, and too

Someone has been rating me for preaching the gospel of laughter. I am sure he (it's a man), must be one of those trying, long-faced, scrawny, cold eyed, Scotch folk, who won't whistle to their dog on Sunday. Not that there are n any such Scotch folk, in my ken, but "here and there a one," as the plums in a workhouse pudding. He says that one should only laugh when one must, that cultivated mirth is an affectation and that older folk should be serious folk. Well, when we were we took other risibles, in the unthinking way of children, covering miles of ground in our play, which we now cover by taking duty walks and regulation rides. Just so must we now laugh valice prepense where formerly we laughed is we played, without a thought of developing mind or body. My serious correspondent is not logical; I know by his writing, and I am glad of it. for neither am I: but I should love to have him try a laughing cure for a week or two. If it did nothing else, it would alter the set of his wrinkles and thereby improve his appearance, for "serious" wrinkles are the most unbecoming in the world.

ANDOM REMINISCENCES NILE VOYAGEUR BY. CHARLES. LEWIS, SHAW. he could see. He rested in the lobby, had a drink in the side aisle, and fell asleep in the chancel. He would probably be there yet if a deputation of what looked like a bishop, two archdeacons, a sexton and a churchwarden had not waited upon him and asked him if he was through with the mosque. They wanted to use it, and in choice Arabic informed him that that was no hotel. Frank was always polite and said that while he was a Christian and could lick anything they could turn out in about three minutes and a half, still, it would be better to have a drink all round and they could have their mosque back; he didn't want it. With the aid of the churchwarden and the sexton he reached the door. Frank once con fided to me that if there was any tenderness in his composition it lay in his hind feet. He looked anxiously for his shoes, which he had confidingly left outside. Frank had had opti-

F this ever comes to any of our fellows. not one of them will forgive me. But history must be made; so it must be told. Were you ever on a drunk? I am not talking about one of those common Saturday afternoon drunks-bara closed at seven !-but a drunk. I have heard-heard, mark you—of only one real soul-satisfying drunk in my life. Some people believe that placing the left arm, en neglige, on Keachie's mahogany, and ripping out, "What'll you have? Everything goes and everybody drinks!" is a drunk. It is not. That is merely toying with a serious thing. In fact, it is a disagreeable, brutal and degrading thing. As I have before said, I have heard it, and in the silent watches of the nights, which unfortunately are not silent, but will talk. Well, this particular drunk, one which is about to rattle down the corridors of time, was witnessed by myself in a place called Cairo in Egypt, about April or March, I'm not sure which; I wouldn't swear to a month at that time. I shouldn't have been present on the solemn occasion only I happened to have been the recipient, with about sixty-five other Canadian boatmen, of ten pounds advance pay, and also the thought that my presence was positively necessary. That's straight. It was at Kasr el Nil barracks, where we filed before Col. Kennedy-God rest his soul!—and the ten coins and the four words of gold, "Be careful my lad," were given each of us. Unfortunately, the latter went first. Kasr el Nil is a large barrack—the Cairo barracks. The Cairo garrison were there. Tommie Atkins has a devouring thirst, and we en-deavored to satiate it. Ten "quid" to him was untold wealth. The guard rooms must have been satiated, or my estimate of ser-geant's guard duties is out. Our outfit provided for a regimental tailor, who succumbed in the stitch in time, which, fortunately, was the last stitch necessary; a glass of seltzer with the canteen sergeant, and with a fairly good running start in every way considered, Charlie Manchard and I started to view the points of historical interest in historic Cairo. Cairo is an historic city. The British Govern-ment, with a keen appreciation of merit, had covenanted and agreed in the most solemn manner, at a most trying point in the Soudan campaign, to see us through Cairo, with twenty dollars a month additional pay. Outside our desire to rescue Gordon, that had its influence on us self-sacrificing patriots who had volunteered. We had looked forward to it; it had prompted us to many a fresh effort throughout the campaign, and it had made us have a keener outlook for sunken rocks, smallpox and other things. No one liked to die with the prospect of Cairo before him, with its citadel, petrified forest, and mosque of ala-

Speaking of that mosque reminds me of an incident that occurred. We spent our time and ten pounds there. Frank Ritchie was one of the handsomest, cleverest, most lovable and most dissipated old comrades we had. He had had a most fortuitous career; a soldier of fortune in the American war, a Canadian detective in the time of the Fenian Raid, and he had been in every phase of life from cowboy to dence. The camaraderic of a table d'hote a writer in a lawyer's office. In a curious way he was wonderfully well read. He had run across in his readings something about this alabaster mosque. He was bound to see it; nothing could prevent him. The alluring inducements of canteen, wine shop, song and story, which were painfully strong, could not restrain him after an ordinary amount of recreation in thrashing a soldier and drinking a gallon of beer, from going in pursuit of knowledge. He was always after beer and knowledge. He could hunt an old temple or a beer shop with equal persistency and facility. An officer trifling with Egyptology or a soldier suffering from a self-inflicted draught would find in Frank their refuge and their strength. Seizing an opportunity and a flask, and with the aid of a guide and an antiquarian zeal, he hied to the mosque. That is the word. He was that in the past tense. Mohammedans, like other denominations, have peculiar ideas. They didn't object to Sunday street cars, but they did insist on a man, removing his shoes and hat before entering their mosques. Now some of our people would be slightly put out by that. Their claims to religion rest to a great extent on the shininess of their shoes. Frank, being a man of cosmopolitan ideas and an adaptability to circumstances, begotten from the fact of his having belonged to both an Orange and Fenian lodge at the same time, conformed to the rule, and with "O, so light a foot" reverently entered.

He held on to the flask. You cannot buy drinks in Mohammedan We went. Charlie always loved horses, and those Orientals are beasts with animals, so when a vicious lashing and an uncalled for jerking on the poor brutes' mouths occurred he couldn't stand it. A spring to the driver's seat, one hand grasping the Levantine coward by the throat and the other the reins, and hurling him backwards to the floor of the carriage he said, "Hold the hound." It is not pleasant holding one of that eel-like sort of hounds. You are kept employed. What sort of peculiar appetite must have possessed that fellow I know not, but the only way I could prevent him from destroying the contour of a well proportioned calf was by holding his windpipe gently but firmly until his eyes rolled and he had been persuaded that that rig was hired and paid for by the hour. It is hard to make some people understand.

We were nearing the fashionable drive when Charlie turned to me. "They want a whirl. Horses are like men; they want to cut them-selves loose occasionally. I'm going to give selves loose occasionally. I'm going to give them their heads. The Bois du Boulogne for the world; level as the prairie and straight as an arrow. Hold on to the sherry, but never mind if you spill the 'true believer.'" I was too busy to expostulate. My chances of again appearing in Highland uniform were immi-

nent. The Oriental had got a fresh grip.

We were in the drive. There was a bound, and the old Arab blood and the old sense of desert freedom asserted itself. They were no longer cab horses. They were free. What were collars and traces? Their heads were free; and with a wild toss of their noses they were cff. It was the hour when everybody was out. Oh! for that one minute of freedom and power again. A brute under your feet and the titled, moneyed lackeys of a modern civilization flying from you, and the first utter recklessness of freedom. When that day comes, as come it must, when man bursts forth in his first mad intoxication of freedom, what mind can conjure up the result? The sailor confined for months to the discipline of the forecastle, the soldier to the irksome pipe-clay of the service, and we shantymen to half a year of isolation and poor pay, have obtained only a reputation for poor pay, have obtained only a reputation for brutality and vicious drunkenness, while it is mere human nature asserting itself when the explosion takes place. Take the instance be-fore us. Six months' deprivation of everything that is ordinarily supposed to make life worth living; a sudden acquisition of compara-tive wealth, and a knowledge that you have been poorly paid in comparison with other mercantile work, although the Queen-God

CHARLES LEWIS SHAW Author of the Random Reminiscences of a Nile Voyageur.

bless her !- paid us well, and what is the result? An effort to even up the condition of things by a hurried, reckless plunge into the strongest of pleasures. It is the thraidom, the deprivation of everything that man was constituted to hold dear. Since the days of man's fall woman has had her hand in the making and unmaking of the world. Imagine, then, being deprived of her divine influence for half the months of your life. Don't blame us; we cannot help it. Burns wrote:

> What's done we partly may compute But know not what's resisted

And God knows he knew ! Who held the bayonets at Waterloo, or the cutlasses at Trafalgar, and changed the map of Europe? Whereby has the past wealth of Canada come, but by her shantymen? Have temperance lecturers done anything but talk? The temperance lecture that has the greatest of influences, the God of Nature, preaches in

the early morning,
Before the dawn wind acfily sighing,
Brings to burning sysiids alsep.
But to return. Although our half-bred Arabs

knew not the rein was upon them, it was, and when Manchard saw advancing towards him a glittering cavalcade-a mixture of Oriental splendor and European regularity-a standard upraised proclaimed it the staff and escort surrounding the carriage of the Khedive of Egypt. Gathering the reins, with a quick swerve he drew to one side. We're loyal, Charlie, if we're nothing else. It's our ally the Khedive. We will give him a cheer. Just at this moment, coming down the drive towards the advancing pageant, there was a sound of advancing hoofs, accompanied with yells—yells encouraging, yells threatening, but withal strangely peculiar to our ears. We turned and saw advancing at full speed in martial phalanx forty of our comrades mounted on Cairian donkeys. If anyone imagines the long eared Cairian donkey cannot run, let him try it. He can. Impelled by the spirit of the race and the heels of the shantymen, he was out-doing himself. With knees firmly grasping his steed, with determination in his eye and two full bottles in each pocket and an empty one waving in his right hand, the representatives of Canada's chevaliers came on. Before them were the flower of Eastern military. Their standard was waving, their epaulettes glistening, and in Cairo, the Rotten Row as it were, called the the sacred person of their sovereign to be pre-

Mahomet Ali drive. The best people go there. served. What cared the Canadian voyageur? Who can doubt the power of Canadians now? Unswervingly, unflinchingly, with a devotion their ancestors had shown at Lundy's Lane and Chateauguay, they hesitated not, but with a full swoop charged madly on while the don-keys' ears waved bravely in the breeze.

The spectators' faces, I suppose, paled at the thought of the conflict. But the action was short. The horses of the escort snorted and turned tail, and the horses of the carriage wheeled to one side. Our countrymen swept past the victors of the field. With faces glowing with national pride and East India sherry, Manchard and I took off our hats and greeted the discomfitted Khedive and his hussar

The thought then occurred that considering the Khedive was our ally, an explanation might be necessary that that was one of the Canadian shantyman's playful ways, but as neither of us were intimate with him and the staff and escort were busy collecting them-selves, we went on. Yes, we went on.

But all things and ten pounds must have an end, and about ten o'clock the following night the cold, pale moon looked unpityingly down on two travel-stained individuals moving through the European portion of Cairo towards Kasr el Nil barracks. That suited our finan-cial condition. We were passing before a quaintly built house that still bore the indefin-

able marks of an English home.
All at once the notes of a plano were heard and soon the air was distinguishable. It was the old, familiar, much-laughed at The Maiden's Prayer, the school-girl exhibition piece, performed by an inexperienced hand. The sound of the long unheard familiar piano struck a responsive chord in our hearts, and as the old music of bright-faced, bread-and-butter, and much-loved cousin and boyish sweetheart was listened to Manchard said. "Let us sit down." We listened, and never had a school-girl musician such an appreciative audience. There was a pathos in the very mistakes. It was about two miles to barracks and the way was hard. We slept right there, lulled to sleep by the airs of our boyhood played by a

In the early morning we arose and sought a fountain. Water comes out of fountains. We wanted water; wanted it badly, Fountains are generally in gardens. We were after a garden. Manchard never before had developed such intense horticultural tastes. In the bountiful generosity of previous rulers of Egypt, Cairo had been plentifully supplied with magnificent gardens. May the said rulers rest in peace. Strolling through a beautiful walk with overhanging shrubs of tropical luxuriance, enjoying the sweetness of our sur-roundings and the cool morning air that fanned our fevered brows, we saw before us an artifi cial grotto formed with all the poetry and imagination of the Eastern mind. We paused, struck with its beauty. A moment after we noticed that the grotto had an occupant a young girl. She was reading. Desirous of enjoying the coolness of the morning in this beautiful, almost fairy-like scene, she had come there to read Lalla Rookh, as we discovered afterwards. I have the volume yet. An undefinable something about face, dress and pose at once showed her to be of our own race, the first we had met for months. The black eyes of the Dongolese, the graceful posturing of the Nubian and the wonderful carriage of the daughters of the Nile were forgotten. There was the blue eyed, pure minded embodiment of what we venerate and what we love. There was the purity, goodness and nobility of mother, sister and sweetheart all borne to us in that first glance of an English girl. Under the influences of shattered nerves and surroundings we could have fallen down and worshipped her.

A branch is twisted by Manchard under the influence of his feelings. The girl turned, saw us, and with a startled cry ran away. A maid of our race affrighted at two brutish, worshipping men! "We're brutes," Manchard managed to whisper. I managed to hiccough Amen.

Acknowledged His Superior.

"Ah! How d'y'do? Just come up to the city, I suppose?" asked the bunco-steerer, as he cordially extended his hand to the simple-looking old farmer who was stumbling along with the crowd coming off the ferry-boat at the foot of Liberty street.

"Wal, wal! is this you? I'm mighty glad ter see yer!" replied the farmer, with evident ecognition.

"Glad to see you," said the bunco man, a little puzzled. "How are all the folks?"

"First class,"

"Crops been good ?"
"Middlin' tolerable."

"Here on business, I suppose?"

Yas; I wanter collect some money frum a man I've been shipping taters to fer a spell back.

Then, of course, you want to get business off your mind first. So we'll go and collect your money, and then I want you to come and have a nice little lunch with me, Mr .- er-Warner," hazarded the bunco man.

"My name ain't Warner!" exclaimed the farmer in astonishment.

"What! aren't you my old friend Deacon Warner of Redclay Center?" " No. I bean't!

"I am surprised! I recognized your face and your voice, and I don't see how I could be so

mistaken. Wal, it do beat all, that you don't remember me, Mr. Flasher. Don't you recollect ol' Si Humsted, who boarded you and yer wife and children, out at Skeetertown, last summer, and took you all in and treated you like one of the family? Why, my wife was aneakin' about Why, my wife was speakin' about

you only last night, and savin' what nice. pleasant people you was, and how she hoped you'd cum out and stay with us again this year. But the bunco man had fled. He suddenly

remembered that the honest old farmer could ive him points in his own business.-Harry Romaine in Puck.

"I must say that our union men work like lightning," said the jocose general manager, "How is that?" asked the proprietor. "They rarely strike twice in the same place," —Truth.

the habit women have of kissing each other. She says she, personally, abhors the practice and can scarcely contain herself when her

and even larger families than papas in Dublin. In Japan the babies are not kissed. In Japan Romeo and Juliet may squeeze hands, or even waiste, but lip never meets lip in that magnetic touch thrilled by love. In Japan the bride is blessed, em-braced, but not kissed, only in Japan she is flowery land. In all good faith I suggest emigration to her. I believe in six months she

Patti has "been and gone," as they say down east, and the verdict has been for a bona fide farewell. We are mindful of, her laurels, admiring of her endurance, appalled at her self-shneas, but we are no longer the worshippers we were. Pattl's day is done, and the people who come to hear her come mainly out of curiosity, or something else but love of her. We have had some lovely, gracious songatreases before us these last few years, and when this little painted doll, with her faded charms and her failing voice, comes, we grow cruel to our old divinity, not so cruel as the big cities, but as bad as we know how to be. We draw comparisons. Fancy comparing Patti and anyone on earth! By the way, in the February Ladies' Home Journal I came across a very interesting page of Pattiana. If one may borrow a Bavarian expression. To those who heard and saw the divs, the article will doubtless prove extremely interesting and is strictly true in all details, so far as my personal knowledge of locality, dates and descriptions goes. It shows how little was the acorn from which grew the cak that shadows the castle of Craig-y nos!

Short Stories Retold.

At a church meeting in one of the suburbs of Ohicago, the enquiry was made whether a cer-tain lawyer of the congregation, whose financial affairs were somewhat involved, had "got religion." To which another lawyer present responded: "No, I think not, unless it's in his wife's name."

They were talking about the phenomena of the mind. The tall man remarked how curious it was that a man could not do one thing and think of another. The short man said that he had read of people who could write two words at the same time, and the thin man added that a great many people could do one thing and think of another. But the tail man answered that these things were all special cases and exceptions, and reiterated the statement that it was curious, etc., etc. Just then the quiet young woman in the corner suggested that she didn't consider it curious at all. "You can't do it," said the tall man. "Oh, yes," said the quiet young woman; "when I was a little girl I used to be able to say the Lord's Prayer a think of anything else in the world," Boston Budget.

Many Episcopal bishops are in the habit of describing themselves "by divine permission bishop of" their diocese, in official documents. A certain bishop not long ago had occasion to send such a document to a most devout but not highly educated layman. Thereupon it became the duty of the layman to draw up and sign an official document relating to some church business, and noticing the phrase re ferred to in the bishop's paper he thought it was incumbent upon him, also, to recognize the divine guidance. So, in entire good faith the divine guidance. So, in entire good facts, he described himself as "John Smith, by divine permission grocer and dealer in all kinds of flour and feed." The paper never got into the archives of the church, however.—Aryonaul.

Here is a story of a young man which is credited to a Chicago divine: The night he took the "third" the Senior Warden, at the proper time, gave him the "jewel." Then the Worshipful Master, with stately tread and solemn face, came down from his seat in the East, and approaching the young candidate said: "My brother, what is the jewel of your office?" The young man blushed, and in a hesitating manner stammered out: "The typewriter." The face of the Worshipful Master relaxed into a smile, and he said: "Well, that is not exactly the answer I expected, but as you have alluded to typewriters, let me ask you which one you prefer?" There was no hesitation on the part of the candidate this time. With a happy look he answered eager-ly: "Oh, the blonde."—Masonic Chronicle.

Mr. Le Faun in his Seventy Years of Irish Life, tells endless good stories. A poor Italian organ-grinder, weary after a long walk, asked a peasant whom he met near Carricktuohil how far he was from Cork. "Just four short miles," was the answer. "What do you miles," was the answer. "What do you mean," said a priest who happened to pass at the time, "by deceiving the poor fellow? You know well enough it's eight long miles." "Sure your riverence," said the other, "I seen the poor boy was tired, and I wanted to keep the convergence." his courage up. If he heard your riverence out I'm plazed to think he didn't—he'd be down hearted entirely." On one occasion a case was being tried in Limerick before Chief Baron O'Grady, and a barrister named Bushe making a speech for the defence, when an ass began to bray loudly outside the court. "Wait a moment," said the chief baron; "one at a time, Mr. Bushe, if you please." The barrister waited for a chance to retort, and it came presently. When O'Grady was charging the jury, the ass again began to bray, if possible more loudly than before. "I beg your pardon, my lord," said Bushe; "may I ask you to repeat your last words? There is such an echo in this court I did not quite catch them.

In a certain locality there lived some years ago, and may yet, a good old Methodist brother and a good old Presbyterian brother. They got along very well together until they tried to trade horses or to talk religion, and then the Methodist brother always lost his temper and said things he was sorry for. On one occasion they had traded horses, and, though the result still rankled in the breast of the Methodist, he was on good terms with his neighbor, and they had met in a piece of meadow and started a discussion on predestination. It proceeded warmly until the Methodist brother lost control of himself, and with horse trades and John Calvin mixed up in his mind, he exclaimed "Go way from here; you're a thief and a liar and a Presbyterian." This was too much, and the next minute they were rolling over in the grass, clawing like a pair of cats, and pretty soon the Presbyterian was sitting astride of his foe, bumping his head into the soft ground "Take it back," he yelled; "take it back or"-bump-bump-"I'll knock your old head off. "Stop and I will," gasped the Methodist brother. The Presbyterian let him up. "That is," he continued, as he brushed himself and spit the dust out of his mouth, "I'll take it back on the first two counts, but you're a dad blamed old Presbyterian anyhow," and it was an entire week before they were friendly again. -Exchange.

How He Made It.

"I made five hundred dollars once," said the man in the mackintosh, "by merely keeping

my mouth shut."
"Was it at an auction?" asked the man in the slouch hat.

"High-priced doctor asked you to show him your tongue and you didn't do it?" ventured the man who had his feet on the table. "No. It was-

"Found it on the street and didn't say a word about it to anybody?" suggested the man behind the green goggles.
"Do it on a bet?" enquired the man in the

shaggy ulster.

Burgiar asked you where your money was hid and you were struck speechless and couldn't tell him ?" hazarded the man with the big spot of gray in his mustache.

You think you're pretty smart," said the

generally, "but you're not. None of you would ever guess it. I made that five hundred dol-lars in the simplest way in the world. A rich old uncle who was risiting us told a long story we'd heard him tell a hundred times before. was the only one in the family that didn't yawn, and he remembered me in his will. Exchange.

For Missie and Mamma.

OME gowns for girls from five years old to fourteen show many mixed cloths—tweeds, serges and cheviots. Quiet combinations prevail, and the result is admirable; changeable effects are still seen in every lescription of fabric, and often the surface is dotted over with bourette knots, broche figures, or the colors will be softly blended into in-

The colors most in vogue are all warm browns—tobacco, chestnut, and golden—tan-color and ashes-of-roses. The same combinations so much worn by their mammas are duplicated for the little ones, except that of black and white: but even this is prepared for girls of fourteen, in the form of shepherds checks made with black velvet yokes and cuffs and trimmed with rows of velvet ribbon.

Simple sailor-suits of cloth, flannel, or serge in grays and dark blue, are very popular for everyday and school wear. The grays are trimmed with bands of blue stuff, and the blues with black or white braid. Two straight



preadths of double fold goods form the skirt and for ages from five to ten they are quite short, a little below the knee; older girls wear their skirts to reach their boot-tops. There is ouite a demand also for the English sailor-suit with kilt skirt, and these are made to order.

Skirts of other gowns are as varied as those for ladies; they are in circle shape, gored in front and on the sides, and straight; the straight skirts, however, predominate, and two breadths of double-fold goods, or three of twenty-inch, are used. It is also a matter of taste and convenience whether the skirts be lined or unlined. The circle skirts of imported gowns are usually lined with soft silk. Only an occasional skirt is trimmed; and we are spared the threatened invasion of the be-flounced French frocks. A narrow band of fur, otter, or Persian lamb, on the very edge of the little skirt, is a neat finish and gives a warm look; but most straight skirts are simply

A few bright-colored gowns are worn for dressy occasions; as a scarlet cashmere trimmed abundantly on waist and sieeves with uches of very narrow black satin ribbon; and a frock of pale blue and plum-colored velours, cut in torrents around the bottom and bound with plum-colored velvet, with a ruffle of blue silk laid under the torrents. For dancingschool are charming little gowns of white or delicate tinted crepons, made with straight plain skirts, very short, full waists, giving an der ruffles. Very often a bertha of lace sur-



rounds the neck, and they are worn with or without guimpes. Among these dressy little frocks the daintiest one is an accordion-plaited ashes-of-roses silk; wide accordion-plaited ruffles form the sleeves and surround the neck, and a bertha of Margot lace falls over the

Dressy shoulder and waist trimmings to freshen and brighten the gown for home dinners, concerts and the theater abound pretty fichu is of white lace and pale blue reps. A square yoke of wide lace, cut to fit the shoulders smoothly, is trimmed around with a ruffle of lace and finished at the neck with a stock collar of blue crepe; then plaited scarf-ends of the crepe, trimmed on the outer edge and across the ends with lace, are fastened on either side of the front; these are crossed

brought around to the back, and tied with a bow of white ribbon.

Magenta and black, and black and white are popular combinations for wrappers and tea wns, and the heliotrope shades retain gowns, and the heliotrope shades refain their popularity. The daintiest evening colors in rich silks, brocades and crepons are used for tea-gowns, which increase in sumptuousness every season. The fronts of crepons are often enriched with rows of cream-colored lace insertion, through which flash glints of a silk lining of contrast ing color.

Church-going gowns should always be of quiet color and design, but during Lent the woman who studies the eternal fitness of things will dress quietly on all occasions. The artist has sketched a couple of demure cos tumes which are exactly suited to the peniten tial season. One in dove-gray corded silk, with dark gray velvet bordering in narrow strips. The second is an artistic gown of rich white satin made with the one-piece bodice stretched over a faultless lining, and the plain skirt is embroidered in gold and edged with gold passementerie.

New Books and Magazines.

Milestone Moods and Memories is the title a book of verse just issued from the presser of Hunter, Rose & Company. They are from the pen of Donald McCaig, whose name is not altogether new to readers of Canadian verse. The pieces contained in the book are not, as a rule, of the fragmentary sort, but of a more pretentious length, some covering several pages. One of the best in my opinion is The Tramp, which will be found reproduced in another column of this paper. He has several pieces in Scotch dialect that are well done. The volume contains some selections that have lain unpublished in Mr. McCaig's possession for forty years-an example of that modest reserve that marks a man endowed with the poetic soul as it used to be. The modern poetic spirit, it seems, never feels s doubt, never experiences a moment's hesita tion, and is never mantled with a blush.

The most notable feature of the Canadian Magazine for February, considering that it is a national magazine, is The Eldorado of British Columbia, by E. Molson Spragge. The writer gives a nice, descriptive account of a trip through the mining regions of British Columbia illustrated with capital photographic views of various towns. Prof. John Campbell, F.R.S.C., discusses The American Indian : What and Whence, in a learned and thoughtful paper, replete with information of the rarest kind. But what I enjoyed more than anything else was Hon. David Mills' reminiscences of the Schools of the Olden Time. It was a happy subject cleverly treated. Surely anyone could write entertainingly of his school days therefore it is not surprising that Hon. David Mills should have treated the subject with consuming interest. All through the maga

The Cosmopolitan for February introduces famous European author to its readers, Valdes of Madrid, and the artist Marold of Paris, well known as a French illustrator.

The New Standard Dictionary, upon which several prominent scholars have for a long time been engaged at the instance of Messrs Funk & Wagnalls, the publishers, promises to supersede all dictionaries extant. The first volume—it will be in two parts—has just reached us and proves that when finished the work will be a grand one. The growth of the language in its volume of words is almost beyond belief. When Dr. Johnson published his dictionary he brought the language within 45,000 words; Stormonth raised the list to 50,000. Worcester to 105,000. Webster's (Inter national) to 125,000, the Century to 225,000, and the Standard to nearly 300 000. Another point of great importance is the grouping of derived words around their primitives. A great many compound words that needed only the briefest definition have been brought under the chief word from which they were derived and defined by a single phrase suited to each case. The plan saves space and time. Take the word "box," and after the definition of the way in which it is employed in differen senses there is half a column given to the phrases in which it is the leading compound These phrases are printed in broad-faced type, and practically exhaust the compounds which the word "box" enters into. This is conveni-ent for one who consults the dictionary, and it saves important space which is needed for the new words which science and various indus-tries are constantly adding to the language, It is of immense service to the student to have the stem word and its compounds with other words grouped where they can be read imme diately, and hundreds of times in the Standard long lists of scientific terms are brought together under the heading of the root which enters uniformly into all their compounds. SATURDAY NIGHT predicted some months ago that this dictionary would be an advance on preceding ones, and it is gratifying now to find that prediction so wonderfully well fulfilled. Funk & Wagnalls, 11 Richmond street west, Toronto, are the Canadian agents.

Sammy's Essay On the Tode. Todes is like frogs, but with more dignity, and when you come to think of it frogs is wet ter. The warts wich todes is noted for can't be cured, for they is cronick, but if I couldent git wel Ide stay in the house. Billy he says the tode stools issent wat the todes sits down on, but is jus called that. When my uncle Ned herd him say that, he said, Billy wat does they set down on? And wen Billy he coldent tell, my uncle Ned he fround, and he said, said he, Billy, folkes like you, that goes about sayin' tain't so, and yet not explainin' how it is, is atheists, and athelets is a theef.' Then I said, uncle Ned, may be the todes don't set down at all, and he turned on me and said you pessilent communest, and was a-lookin' for somethin' to thro', wen I run. My grandfather knew a tode wich somebody had tamed till it was folks. Wen its master wissled it would come for flies.

They cetches 'em with their tung, which is very like a long red werm, but



THE EXTERNAL REMEDY FOR Rheumatism, Sciatica and Nervous Diseases.

litenin', only litenin', hain't got no gum onto it. The fli will be standin' a-rubbin' its hind legs to gather and a thinkin' wat a fine fli it is, and the tode a settin' some dissance away like it was asleep. While you are seein the fil as plane as you ever see anithing, all to once it ain't there. Then the tode he looks up at you sollem, out of his eyes, like he said wat's be come of that fli? but you kno he et it. Son todes live in the water and there is a spote eller wich lives in a tree, like birds. This 'un hollers like a red Injun, and then chuckles to think there wasent nothin' the matter .-Boston Courier.

An Unexpected Turn.



"So you want to marry my daughter. But can you support a family?"
"Oh, yes, I think so."
"Think a moment. Remember there are ten of us."—Fliegende Blaater.

She Objected,

"Mr. Courty asked me to marry him las light," she blushingly told her mother. And what did you tell him?'

"I told him to ask you.

"Ask me?" echoed the startled parent Why, Mary, surely you wouldn't have your dear old mother commit bigamy, would you? -Atlanta Constitution.



A Bright Lad,

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ALEX, GILBAY, 91 Bellevue Avenue. Toronto, 28th Nov., 1893.

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Feb

Mrs. Sav prised or monial int was no re strong fait their emot sign which fears were rendered to spoken fea fore he tho her during wood Hall

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and therefor drawing root obliged to situated root knocked one "Come in." unexpected a She had evilandlady or take saw him tossed upon a was disarranher eye, a nether hand situation. The momer

her exciteme him with the in the other. quite in the hand has go can play!"
"Is it really Felix. Felix.
"Listen!" s

her cbin and strings. "I he exactly what lare a little stil And she bro furious in its rearoile, and a sto play her he passionate light. "There!" si has come back. "And what he asked. "I shall play "and I shall to boy. I don't cabut I do care the and give him independent. "Without help." "You disdair There was rejet to the shall be happy if he were my or "You are vervice was as little but I shall be giup to independent was helped son "You are vervice was a little but I shall be giup to independent was helped son have no right to ance; but it wand better for no it to me instead of the help you poor husband, a became to him, of you never to of you Felix was hurt his next remark.

"I have done i na lower tone ti Marjory put th him. "Felix, F you. I am grate i sm, Indeed."

"That is the v "Your gratitud. She burst into do," she said. assa, Felix, even greeable. You old you—but wh had to look oven orts of memors elix was hurt

nad to look over sorts of memors And, of course, represent half of have kept them-by. That is reall play again, becan money and pay of "Marjory, you consider them as for Archie was a greatly when you

greatly when you from me."

"I don't refus aiready. Don't be for Archie's sake. memory that he so aready. The for Archie's sake. memory that he so aready that. We will no longer. What did know you came on "I never come fe if you allowed me. visit was a letter and wished you trans whose nam Chadwick."

"As a I remembed the so aready that it would have a letter and wished you the solly turned white "She writes frobeen living for som I read you the let yourself."

"Read it to me. I on the sofa, Marjo shading her eyes, 'aloud.

"Honored sir," the soll of the soll of the wishful for a would give her pai silence; seeing as I salence; seeing as I salence; seeing as I salence is seeing as I salence; seeing as I salence is seeing seeing seeing seeing seeing seeing see I salence is seeing see

Marjory made a li her head away. "Is it too much fo "Not at all—no. fectly." fectly."
Felix read on.

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1654

"I have long wanted to write to her and tell her how I have grieved for the dreadful crime that my uncle committed. But I have not liked to intrude. Only I should like her to know that I am married to Joe Barbury, which was the young man that Mary Strong was engaged to, a little over a year; and that we have a beautiful little boy, just a month old, and it was that which put it into my head to write to you and ask you if you would be so kind as to trouble yourself with a message from me to her. It's just this, which I hope she won't think it too bold of me to say, and it's Joe's words, which, perhaps, she'il think the more of than if they was mine. 'We may have dark days,' he says, 'but there's always sunshine behind and ready to break through. And there s never a trouble sent from God but what God has a cure for it.

"Honored sir, these words of Joe's have been such a comfort to me from time to time that I thought I would like to write and tell them to you, and if you thought well of them, perhaps you would repeat them to Mrs. Severne. For she's had so much grief to bear that I sometimes cry only to think of her. I hope she will take comfort and have some brightness and sunshine in her life again, as me and Joe have now, although we're both come through a good bit of trouble—and especially Joe, through losing one that was dear to him. But he is happy now, and so, sir, am I, and beg to subscribe myself,

"Your humble and faithful servant.

"Jenny Barbury."

Felix laid the letter on the table and glanced at Marjory. She was calm, but her face was still very pale.

"Your just her hand to brush away the starting tears. "My happiness is gone."

"Not for ever, Marjory. Then her self-restraint gave way. "And I am not! she added, putting up her hand to brush away the starting tears. "My happiness is gone."

"My sun will not shine," she answered bitterly. Then in a sefter voice: "No. Felix, I

"Not for ever, Marjory. The sun may shine again."
"My sun will not shine," she answered bitterly. Then in a softer voice: "No, Fellx, I am paying the cost of my early mistakes, and one must always be prepared to do that. I was rash, headstrong, wilful—I took my own way, and I have suffered for it. You remember what a great man once said—that a blunder was worse than a crime."
"I don't know what blunder you made, Marjory."

CHAPTER LII.

Mrs. Severne did not appear to be either surprised or depressed when Mr. Beilby's matrimonial intentions were announced. But this was no relief to Felix's mind, for he had a strong faith in the power of women to conceal their emotions; and although he could find no sign which contirmed Mrs. Hyde's theory, his fears were by no means laid to rest. He was rendered uneasy and constrained by this unspoken fear for Marjory's happiness, and therefore he thought it better to keep away from her during the rest of her visit to Redwood Hali, the consequences of which line of conduct being that Marjory wept silent, passionate tears when she returned to her dingy lodgings in Southminster, and vowed that nothing would induce her to cross the threshold of Redwood Hall sgain.

Felix was very busy for the next few days and had no time (even if he had the inclination) to go near her; but during the first week of the New Year a letter reached him which would, he thought, be of interest to her, and he resolved one morning to go down to Southminster and see her about it. If he had any other purpose in his mind than that of imparting news, he kept it steadily in the background. He was glad to meet Archie, with a steady old nurse as his escort, before he reached Marjory's lodgings. It was rather a relief to him to think that the child would be out. He occupied so much of Marjory's attention as a general rule, especially when Felix called. Felix was fond of the little lad, but he was inclined to be jealous of his share in Marjory's heart.

inclined to be jealous of his share in Marjory's heart.

He did not find anybody to announce him, and therefore made his way at once to the drawing-room, tenanted by Marjory, who was obliged to have fairly good-sized and well situated rooms on account of her pupils. He knocked once—twice, before her voice cried "Come in." Then, entering, he came upon an unexpected sight.

She had evidently expected to see only the landlady or the servant, for she hesitated when she saw him, and colored high. Her cap was tossed upon a sofa, and the golden brown hair was disarranged. There was a new light in her eye, a new erectness in her attitude, and in her hand she held—wonder of wonders—a violin.

violin.

The momentary embarrassment passed, but her excitement did not. She turned towards him with the bow in one hand, the instrument in the other. "Oh, Felix-Felix' she cried, quite in the old, bright, friendly way, "my hand has got better—it is strong again—I can play!"

"Is it really better? I am very glad," said

"Is it really better? I am very glad," said Felix.

"Listen!" she said, tucking the violin under her chin and drawing the bow across the strings. "I have forgotten nothing. I know exactly what I ought to do, though my fingers are a little stiff, but I can play."

And she broke forth with a wild Tarantella, furious in its mirth, followed by a gentler Barcarolle, and a stately march. When she ceased to play her head was still held proudly and a passionate light was in her eyes.

"There!" she said. "Thank God my gift has come back!"

"And what will you do with it, Marjory?"

has come back!"

"And what will you do with it, Marjory?"
he asked.

"I shall play in public," she answered boldly,
"and I shall teach. I shall earn money for my
boy. I don't care about fame now for myself,
but I do care to earn my own living and his,
and give him a 'good education, and see him
independent. I shall be able to do that now—
without help."

"You disdain help so much, then?"
There was reproach in his voice. She looked
at him and seemed about to speak, then
checked herself.

"There is no need for you to work so hard,
you know, Marjory. The boy is my godson; I
shall be happy and proud to provide for him as
if he were my own.

"You are very good," she answered, but her
voice was a little hard. "Very good and kind;
but I shall be glad if 'I can make my son grow
up to independence and hard work. I myself
was helped so much during my girthood that I
have no right to speak lightly of timely assistance; but it would have been happier for me,
and better for me, if my own people had given
It to me instead of yours. And whenge
think
of the help you were constantly giving to my
poor husband, and the snare that such help
became to him, I am inclined to beg and pray
of you never to do anything for the boy."

Felix was hurt by her tone and showed it in
his next remark.

"I have done my bost," he said quietly, but

Felix was nurt by her cone and snowed it in is next remark.

"I have done my best," he said quietly, but a lower tone than usual, and turned away. Marjory put the violin down and sprang after im. "Felix, Felix!—I didn't mean to vex un. I am grateful to you for your goodness—am, indeed."

you. I am grateful to you for your goodness—I am, indeed.

"That is the worst of it," said Fellx gently.

"Your gratitude hurts me even more than your reproaches."

She burst into tears. "I do not know what to do," she said. "I do appreciate your goodness, Felix, even when I seem so cold and disagreeable. You don't know—I have never told you—but when—when Archie was gone, I had to look over his papers, and I found all sorts of memoranda of what he owed you. And, of course, these notes probably don't represent half of what he really owed you. I have kept them—I mean to pay them byand by. That is really why I am glad that I can play again, because in that way I can make money and pay off Archie's debts."

"Marjory, you know very well that I do not consider them as debts. The little I ever did for Archie was a gift. You pain me very greatly when you refuse to accept a small gift from me."

"I don't refuse—I have taken too much

greatly when you refuse to accept a small gift from me."

"I don't refuse—I have taken too much already. Don't be angry with me, Felix; it is for Archie's sake. I feel it like a slur on his memory that he should still owe you money."

"My dear Marjory—"

"Yes, I know I am ridiculous. Never mind that. We will not talk about the matter any longer. What did you come to tell me? for I know you came on business."

"I never come for any other reason now, do I?" said Felix, a little sadly. "I would come if you allowed me. But the reason of to-day's visit was a letter that I received this morning and wished you to see. It is from a young woman whose name you will remember—Jenny Chadwick."

"Yaa I remember" and Marjory's fees and.

woman whose name you will remember—Jenny Chadwick,"

"Yes, I remember," and Marjory's face suddenly turned white.

"She writes from Exeter, where she has been living for some time," said Fellx. "Shaff I read you the letter, or will you read it for yourself!"

"Read it to me, please," and, seating herself on the sofa, Marjory listened with one hand shading her eyes, while Felix read the letter aloud.

aloud. "Honored sir," the missive began. "I have been wishful for some time past to write to Mrs. Severne, but am afraid that to hear of me would give her pain, and have therefore kept silence; seeing as how she will remember me as Jenny Chadwick, related to Jerry Strong, and having been Mrs. Severne's companion on a dreadful night that she is not likely to forget,"

Marjory made a little movement and turned

head away.
Is it too much for you?" Felix asked.
Not at all—no. I remember the girl per fectly."
Felix read on.

MARJORY'S MISTAKE

By ADELINE SERGEANT,

Author of "The Great Mill Street Mystery," "Jacobi's Wife," "Sir Anthony's Secret,"

"Under False Pretenses," &c., &c.

CHAPTER LII.

Mrs. Severne did not appear to be either surprised or depressed when Mr. Beliby's matrimonial intentions were announced. But this was no relief to Felix's mind, for he had a strong falth in the power of women to conceal their emotions; and although he could find no sign which contirmed Mrs. Hyde's theory, his fears were by no means laid to rest. He was rendered uneasy and constrained by this unspoken fear for Marjory's happiness, and therefore he thought it better to keep away from her during the rest of her visit to Redwood Hall, the consequences of which line of conquence being that Marjory went silent.

I had killed it, my dear. I even asked another woman to be my wife, but now that poor archie is gone, and you are fee. I have the right to tell you that my love lives still, has ever lived, and will live, as I believe, until the last day of my life. Marjory—I have waited over long—can you not love me a little now?

If had killed it, my dear. I even asked another woman to be my wife, but now that poor archie is gone, and you arc fee, I have the right to tell you that my love lives still, has ever lived, and will live, as I believe, until the last day of my life. Marjory—I have waited over long—can you not love me a little now?

If had killed it, my dear.

I had killed it, my dear.

I had killed it, my dear.

I check to little over the totel you that my love lives still, has ever lived, and will live, as I believe, until the last day of my life. Marjory—I have the right to tell you that my love lives still, has ever lived if the post of the dreadful crime that my love lives at little as fee. I have the right to tell you that my love live still, has a love. She held out for some time, with a vague feeling of constancy to her husband. But Felix was not easily repulsed. He came to her subter to her again not lead they long—can you not have po

in a quite unexpected manner, to all that Felix desired.

"Have I not waited long enough?" he had said to her one morning, just as he stood up to take his departure, after a very prolonged call. And to his joyful amaze, she looked up at him and said gently:

"Yes, Felix, too long. I have been selfish. If you wish it, really, I will do what you please."

"My own darling!" Then presently—
"And when shall we be married, my sweet?"

"When you like, Felix."

"When Jike! Now!—to-morrow!"

"That is foolish," said Marjory, with a dawning smile. "But—if you like—after August."

It was a long time to wait, but he did not say her nay. For in August her husband would have been dead just two years. He was satisted with her promise—more satisfied still with the growing light of happiness in her smilling eyes.

Mr. Beilby, already, married, to Helen, per-

the growing light of happiness in her smilling eyes.

Mr. Bellby, already married to Helen, performed the ceremony on a sunny September morning, in the little Redwood Church, and all Redwood and Southminster assembled to see the wedding. Even Mrs. Pawson and her daughter (safely established by Felix in a house in London) came smilling and smirking to throw an old shoe after Marjory "for luck." And whether she has "luck" or not, it is sure that she will have happiness, after the long and dreary hours of anguish which had followed the great mistake of Marjory's early life.

"At last!" said Felix, as he drew he closer to him when the carriage drove from the church door. "At last, my Marjory, you are mine—my very own. I have waited longer for you than Jacob served for Rachel, my darling; but the years seem like a day to me now for the love that I have borne you. And you love me, too!—at last!"

[THE END.]

An Easy Mark

A woman's poker club flourishes in one of the suburbs of Cincinnati. They say that a cold, unfeeling man from an eastern city, cold, unfeeling man from an eastern city, where artistic poker flourishes as a green bay tree, wended his way to this same suburb one day. He had simply gone to call on a friend of his mother. The lady was not at home, but next door, the servant informed him. Innocently and as free from guile as a commercial traveler, he made his way to the neighboring house and asked for Mrs. ——. He was admitted, and found the educational circle in deep study. He was invited, and fell. Who can resist feminine wiles and poker? can resist feminine wiles and poker?

He sat down and gave the ladies some highly valuable information, which cost them just \$60. Then he rose up with the conscious pride of a man who has not lived in vain, and



sold by Hargreaves Bros.



what a great man once said—that a blunder was worse than a crime."

"I don't know what blunder you made, Marjory."

"I took pinchbeck for gold—that is all, Felix." And then he know that she was thinking of Archie, and for the first time he saw clearly that although she had mourned her husband's tragic end, she had mourned for her lost love long before.

They sat silent for a little time and then in a moved voice Felix spoke of the boy, and of Marjory's own prospects. But she answered only with a sigh.

"Why,' he said, looking at her kindly, "just now you were delighted with the notion of beginning your musical career again."

"I am delighied," she said, trying to recover her spirits, "but." drooping again, "it is a dreary life."

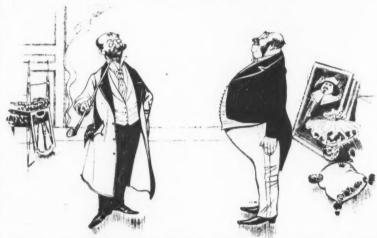
"It is a life you are not fit for," said Felix with sudden determination. "Listen to me, Marjory, You know that I have always disliked that kind of life and work for you. It is not that I don't think you would be successful—I think you could probably have every kind of success. And you are strong enough; I believe it would be good rather than bad for your health. But, for all that, you are not fit for the life."

"What do you mean?" asked Marjory. There was a tremor in her voice.

"I mean that you want a life where you can love and be loved again, dear. You will never be happy where your heart is starved. Marjory, listen to me. Have I not been very patient! You know very well—that love vou—that I have loved you for many years. Why should it be impossible for you to accept my devotion now? Wy should you not be the lady of my heart, my queen, and my love? I think I could make you happy, Marjory, dear. You know me well enough to be able to say whether I could or not."

"Oh, Felix, don't speak of it. Think of—Archie.

"I do think of Archie," said Felix, his voice growing stern, "and it is because of Archie that I have the right to speak. I was a loyal friend to you both, Marjory; I have no cause to blush for the past. I hid my love—I thought



Baron Nickleminz (during the moving of the furniture)—It's very disagreeable, Hans, but my rocking chair has not yet come. It's hard for me to miss my after dinner nap. Hans—Oh, sir, that's easy to remedy.



Baron-Ah, Gott, this is famous, - Fliegende Blaater.

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He left them in the hole and sought the city, where he bought and sent to a friend a handsome present. He said that that game was the softest snap in the universal hemisphere, which shows that after all woman's sphere is not a complete circle.—Cincinnati Tribune. left them lamenting. Cold and unfeeling man!

That's What he Was

A funny incident accompanied by a witty retort was enjoyed the other day as the crowd was surging out of one of the theaters. In front of a party of gentlemen was a man with his coat collar turned up about his ears.

"Why, there is B—," said one of the party.
"He doesn't seem to see us: I guess I'll wake him up."

At the same time, and without stopping to think, he stepped forward and hit the bundled-up individual a terrific slap on the back. The up individual a terrific slap on the back. The man turned around as he received the blow and disclosed to the astonished eyes of the hilarious gentleman the face of a total stranger. He hesitated a moment before the calm and enquiring gaze of the man in front, and then, stepping forward, said:

"I beg your pardon, sir; but to tell the truth, I took you for another man."

I took you for another man."
"I am," was the quiet reply.—Indianapolis

English Opinion

English Opinion

A writer in Herapath's London, England, Railway and Commercial Journal, of February 6, 1892, in an article on American Railroads, says:

"The railway system of America is vast. It extends to 171,000 miles, which, compared with our 20,000 miles, is big."

After commenting at considerable length on the comparative merits of various American railroads he closes with this remarkable sentence:

tence:
"The New York Central is no doubt the best line in America, and a very excellent line it is, equal probably to the best English line."

California and Mexico.

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The Wabash Railway has now on sale Winter Tourist Tickets, at the lowest rates ever made, to Old Mexico and California. These rates are available for the Winter Fair at San Francisco. The banner route is the Great Trunk Line that passes through six states of the Union and has the most superb and magnificent trains in America. Full particulars may be had from any railroad agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian Passenger Agent, N. E. corner King and Yonge streets. Toronto.

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Mrs. Honeymoon—Do you love me?
Old party (confidentially, from other seat, to bridgeroom)—She's asked you forty-seven times already. I get out here, but I'll leave the score with this gentleman by the window.—Vogue.

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Music. EVERAL months ago a vulgar and entirely unprovoked attack vas made in a local sheet, (which has since given up the ghost) upon our resident musicians who had recently returned from study in Germany. The very

questionable and cowardly methods employed in this contemptible affair by its instigators and the motives which prompted it were at the time fearlessly commented on in these columns. The ignominious ending of the discussion for those who began it, was then cussion for those who began it, was under thought to have been a lesson sufficiently dearly purchased to prevent turther persecu-tion of a similar character directed against a quiet and successful section of our musicians. This supposition appears, however, to have been ill-founded. A recent issue of the Winni peg Tribune, to which distant scene of action the matter has now been dragged, contains a letter from the pen of Mr. F. H. Torrington of this city, in which some most extraordinary statements are made concerning the assumed depravity of the younger musicians of Toronto, whom, in his unseemly anger, Mr. Torrington designates by such terms as "slimy creatures," and he somewhat dramatically predicts that they will soon be standing "before the bar of public opinion arrayed in all the glory of their natural deformity." The modest and legitimate efforts of the younger members of the profession in pursuit of a livelihood for themselves and their families, are sneeringly and impati-ently referred to as "aspirations after fame," etc. Surely Toronto has outgrown the conditions when such language can be used with impunity by any resident musician against any section of the fraternity without advancing proof of occasion for it. If no just cause exists for this sort of thing it is certainly time that public harangues and newspaper squabbles such as have disgraced musical life in Toronto for a quarter of a century past, should cease, Garbied versions of the comments of the Win-nipeg Tribune, concerning the matter, have been published in a contemporary, which was supplied with the altered material by par ties whose tactics in this case are similar to those employed in past events, which lack of space prevents mention of in this issue. As was stated in connection with the coarse attack on students from Germany last summer, this journal has no other motive in referring to this matter than to see fair play accorded all classes of our musicians, irrespective of race or creed. The very generous treatment accorded Mr. Torrington's professional work in these columns at all times is sufficient proof of the sympathy of. SATURDAY NIGHT with his musical enterprises and efforts. His "autocratic and irritable" temperament, as the Winnipeg Tribune refers to it, has, however, been overlooked so frequently as perhaps to encourage conduct which those who are in a position to judge believe has done more to retard the real progress of the art in Toronto and bring the pro-fession into disrepute, than all other causes combined. This should not be so, and the fact that it is, is regrettable and certainly un worthy of the city and the profession.

Anything that refers to the organs of speech and the powers of articulation can perhaps be consistently referred to in a musical column, particularly as these matters have a direct conection with the vocal art. I therefore would bear testimony to the admirable and in many respects philanthropic work being done by S. T. Caurch in the cure of stammering that most distressing of complaints. almost impossible cases relieved by Mr. Church's auto-voce treatment have given him a fame which is not confined to this continent and have earned for him the gratitude of many whose lives had formerly been a burden and a

A Ladies' String Quartette has been formed by four members of Mrs. Adamson's Ladies Orchestra. The members of the quartette are: Misses Archer, Grassett, Lina Adamson and Massie. The quartette have already been engaged formally to assist at several concerts and have a number of additional engagements in prospect.

An excellent piano recital was given at the Conservatory of Music on Tuesday evening last by pupils of Mr. V. P. Hunt, assisted by vocal pupils of Mme. d'Auria, and Miss White-side of the Conservatory School of Elocution. The pianoforte work of Mr. Hunt's pupils was admirable and reflected much credit upon him as a painstaking and capable instructor. The programme included selections by Moszkowski. Chopin, Pieczonka, Raif, Grieg, Meyerbeer, Chaminade, Godard, Nevin and Mozart, which were rendered by the following pupils: Misses White, Bridgland, Morris, Blain, Downey, Bustin, Magurn, Whiteside and Mr. Dorsey A. lent style with Mr. Hunt, Mozart's Sonata in D major for two planes. Songs by Miss Lillian Rankin and Miss Marjorie Ratcliffe and a recitation by Miss Whiteside lent agreeable ariety to a most successful recital which was heartily enjoyed by all present.

Mme. Patti's final appearance at the Grand Opera House on Monday evening last attracted, as might have been expected, a large audience, The diva has been so frequently reviewed in this column, and her reputation as the singer of this generation is so generally conceded. that a lengthened criticism of her work on this occasion is unnecessary. Suffice it to say that despite a perceptible deterioration in the richness of her voice and lack of her old-time bril-liancy in the upper register, she sang in a manner which created the greatest enthusiasm and caused many an aspiring vocalist to burn with envy. Mme. Patti was supported by an excellent company, several of whom had previously been heard in Toronto. A capable but small orchestra also accompanied the party and gave general satisfaction in its work. The audience was largely composed of visitors from the surrounding country.

An organ recital was given in Grace church, Elm street, on Saturday afternoon by Mr. Walter Geddes, assisted by Master Alan Blachford, soloist of the choir of the Church of the Holy Trinity. Mr. Geddes played an attractive a bright and sparkling polka by Miss Carrie

programme of bright organ music and Master Blachford sang, with good taste, solos by Costa and Handel. Under the energetic directorship of Mr. Cyril Rudge, the newly appointed choirmaster of Grace church, the music at tha place of worship has improved in a marked degree and in a manner most creditable to Mr. Rudge and the choir.

Messrs. Warren & Son, the well known Toronto firm of organ builders, recently com pleted a very effective pipe organ for the First Presbyterian church of London, Ont. The instrument was opened on Sunday, January 21 and as might have been expected from the reputation of the builders and the excellent specification upon which the organ was con structed, the congregation purchasing it are delighted with the instrument. Following is the specification: Compass of manuals, CC to C, 61 notes; compass of pedals, CCC to D, 27 notes. Great organ: 1, double open, 16 ft.; 2, open diapason, 8 ft.; 3, dulciana, 8 ft.; 4, melodia (st. diap., bass), 8 ft.; 5, harmonic flute, 4 ft.; 6, principal, 4 ft.; 7, fifteenth, 2 ft.; 8, mixture, 3 ranks; 9. trumpet, 8 ft.; 10, clarionette, 8 ft. Of the trumpet, 8 ft.; 10, clarionette, 8 ft. Of the above stops all are metal excepting the melodia. Swell organ: 11, violin diapa-son, 8 ft.; 12, salicional, 8 ft.; 13, wiline, 8 ft.; 14, doppel fleete, 8 ft.; 15, tra-verse flate, 4 ft.; 16, violina, 4 ft.; 17, flageolet, 2 ft.; 18, cornopean, 8 ft.; 19, oboe and bassoon, 8 ft. Of the swell registers all are of metal excepting the doppel fleete and traverse flute. Pedal organ-20, double open, metal, 16 ft.; 21, bourdon, wood, 16 ft.; violon cello, metal, 8 ft. Mechanical registers—Sw. to gt.; gt. to ped.; sw. to ped.; bellows signal. Tremolo pedal to swell organ; B combination pedals to great organ, and 2 combination pedals to swell organ. The bellows are operated by a

Mrs. Caldwell and Mrs. H. M. Blight took part in a concert given in the Park Presbyterian church, Erie, Pa., on Monday evening of last week, and were most enthusiastically re-ceived by the very large audience present. These popular artists have filled three engagements at the same church during the past year, which is substantial proof of the firm hold they possess upon the musical affections of the citizens of Eric. Mrs. Blight's organ solos included selections by Rossini. Reckel, Salome and Batiste, and Mrs. Caldwell sang I will Extol Thee, from Costa's Eli, and Adams' Christmas Song. Besides these numbers both ladies were obliged to respond to several encores.

The death of Mr. Thomas Hill, head of the firm of Wm. Hill & Son, the famous English organ builders, is announced. The renown of this progressive firm has extended throughout the entire musical world, and some of the most celebrated organs in existence were built by them, notably the organ of the Sydney Town them, notably the organ of the Sydney Town Hall, the largest organ ever erected, which cost 875 000. A characteristic feature of the organs erected by this firm is the maintenance of the ancient traditions "in preserving the dignity of the church tone in organs as opposed to the extreme orchestral quality now so much in vogue with unhappy results as regards church instruments." At the funeral of Mr. Hill many of England's leading organists followed the re mains on foot in procession to the cemetery.

Mr. Arthur T. Blakeley's fourth organ re cital for this season will be given in the Sher-bourne street Methodist church on Saturday afternoon next at four o'clock. Mr. Blakeley's programme will consist of popular selections by representative composers of the leading schools of organ music, Germany being repre-sented by Bach and Merkel, France by Wely and Guilmant, England by Henry Smart and probably a Best arrangement. An original omposition by Mr. Blakeley will also be given.

I have received several new compositions by F. J. Hatton (Mrs. Moore of London, Ont.), inluding an effective part-song for mixed chorus entitled The Rose, published by Messrs. Timms & Co., Adelaide street east, also a Tarantella for piano, dedicated to Mr. Edward Fisher and published by the Anglo Canadian Music Publishers' Association, 122 Yonge street. The latter is a characteristic movement in Mrs. Moore's happiest vein. Mention has already been made in this column of the success of this active Canadian composer in the recent Ladies Home Journal waltz competition, as a result of which Mrs. Moore was awarded the first premium of one hundred the first premium of one hundred dollars. The February number of the popular magazine mentioned contains this tuneful set of waitzes, which are called The Aberdeen Waltzes and are dedicated to the

At the complimentary recital given by Mr. H. M. Field at St. Joseph's Academy last week several cello solos were played by Herr Ruth, whose admirable work in the ensemble num bers has already been mentioned. As his solo contributions Herr Ruth selected a Berceuse by Klengel and a Mazurka by Popper. In the sympathetic and expressive rendition of the first and the brilliant vortrag of the latter he created a most favorable impression.

It was Bacon who sagely remarked that "Learning taketh away the wildness, barbar-ism and flerceness of men's minds, though a little superficial knowledge doth rather work contrary effect." This will explain the peppery freaks of behavior in some so-called musicians. samples of whose superficial knowledge have been received in the form of some highly original compositions perpetrated by them One of these, an example of four part harmony, is, out of feelings of charity, withheld for the time being, although a request has been re-ceived to analyze it in this column. It may be in the interests of the art in Toronto to dis sect the material later on. Feelings of Chris-tian forbearance and sympathy should rule in such instances, although it is the avowed policy of this column to expose humbug and imposition wherever they may be found among the profession, as the true progress of the art can only be assured when a proper standard of musical qualifications is understood and recognized by our people.

Mesers, A. & S. Nordheimer have nublished

Sanders, entitled All Night. Miss Sanders is a clever pianist and a niece of Mrs. Homer Pingle, who is herself an efficient musician.

Mr. W. E. Fairclough's fifth organ recital for this season on Saturday afternoon last attracted a large audience of lovers of organ music, who were delighted with the masterly manner in which the programme was interpreted throughout. Particularly worthy of mention was Mr. Fairclough's excellent per formance of the two choral preludes of Bach, Henry Smart's Air and Variations with Final Fugato, Schumann's Canon in B minor and Widor's Allegro Cantabile from the Fifth Organ Symphony.

How the Ocean Was Formed.

"Oh, wise one!" said the youth, "how was

the ocean formed?" "Son," said the sage, "once upon a time there was a man and a woman all alone in the vastness, and the woman said to the man 'John, I prithee, get me some water that I may bathe my hands.' And the man went and came with water, and the woman dipped her came with water, and the woman dipped her bands in the water and withdrew them quickly, crying; 'Oh! John, it is too cold.' And the man went and fetched warm water and poured it in the water that he had brought in the beginning. And the woman dipped again her fingers and with-drew them, crying: 'Oh! now it is too warm. And the man fetched again cold water and poured it in with the waters. And the woman tried again, but cried: 'It is now too cold. The man brought warm water and poured it in the other waters, but the woman cried: 'It is too warm.' And so the man went to and fro again, and again, and again. And the woman alternately cried: 'It is too cold, and 'It is too warm.' Until at last the waters which the man had brought formed the oceans that cover the earth. Whereupon the woman cried with scorn: 'John, you can never do anything rightly. I ought to have gone myself in the first place.'"—Stephen Crane

A Precarious Situation.

Nibsey (the newsboy)-Well, yer all right! er got a good steady job in 'er office, an' don' need ter worry.

Reddy (his former pal)-Dat's all you know about it. You don't know what dese offices is. If yer dumb, yer fired fer mopin'. If yer too smart, der head men gits jealous and yer gits der dump fer dat.

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Saveral articles by Mr. Shaad, in the Review of the Reviews, shows how highly this method is appreciated by educationalises in Europe as the most modern and perfect system of acquiring a foreign language.

Le Vitre, th turesque se casion being and hostess re canopy of ever lilies, waving decorations of e land bower, ber of the moving very novel and o'clock Mrs. Gl side, a shrill bla robes and mase merry, laughing expressed chagr had been confide its breast a dancing until v three o'clock. M ooked girlish a and dainty ever black silk

Feb. 10

Soc

grammes were riarche, her mot arche, for whose was charming a gown of pink and sister, also looked Gladys captivate in blue and crean black; the Misse of pink with whit white and rose : Miss Weathersto Arthur Sweatman arche, Hopkins, Snith, Crawford. over, Jones and

Gordon Mackenzie Mrs. McMurrich, M and Mrs. Charles H A dinner party ast week, at which binson, Mr. and sters, Mr. Joseph, ne N. W. M. P., I ostess was in blac obinson wore wi

Mrs. Ross of Wa

ant tea on Mond

ere: Mcs. and M

Miss Arkell, Mr.

I am very sorry t goma has not be ive up the more t llivan and the ined at the Sau uch missed from

mnis, black satin

Mrs. Dan A. Rose ne to Clifton Spr spects to remain son The Misses Meaghe

Mrs. Temple of Gro lew friends on Wed

Mrs. Nattress of Cates on Monday, which asant of the east sie Miss Harris of Lond

asant (tea recently Mrs. Andros of Barr the Arlington Hote

Mrs. Wade of Winn ine on a visit to her

Miss Macnee, a brigh Miss Maggie Hunter s. Dickson of Upper

Mrs. Martin (nec Res ng her mother, Mrs. F retty tea was recen onor of her daught ople were guests.

The engagement of M . J. Carter Troop is a Another engagement horized to publish na

Mrs. Wood's World's

reat success. The last ore several hundred s Miss Florence Knowle tractive Lindsay lady, to of Markham street. rely dance recently for

the Queen's Hotel in cliwraith, ex-Premier alia, by the Honorab nas and Lady Mcliw ning for New York tly sail for England. the luncheon, which iptu affair, were as Lieutenant-Governor D. R. Wilkie, preside e Board of Trade; edy, L'eutenant-Colson, Hamilton, Maso idson, Majors Cosby Baverley Robinson,

Messra. Cockburn,

der, Bethune, B. Walam, Beatty, Maclean, lson, Langmuir, Lon

Social and Personal.

L3 Vitre, the lovely little house of Mr. and

L3 Vitre, the lovely little house of Mr. and Mrs. C. Brodie Glass, presented a novel and picturesque scene last Tuesday evening, the occasion being a phantom dance. The host and hostess received their guests beneath a canopy of evergreen and soft red light. Tall lilles, waving palms, graceful boughs and decorations of evergreen and Chinese lanterns transformed the house into a veritable wood-land bower, beneath which the spectral figures of the moving phantom guests presented a very novel and eeric appearance. At eleven o'clock Mrs. Glass b'ew, from a horn at her side, a shrill blast, and immediately the ghostly side, a shrill blast, and immediately the ghostly robes and masques fell away, disclosing the merry, laughing faces of the pretty girls and the gentlemen assembled, not a few of whom expressed chagrin at beholding the unknown parties, to whom who knows what little secret parties, to whom who knows what little secret had been confided. Each phantom were upon its breast a mystic number and pro-grammes were filled accordingly. Then followed a delicious little supper, and dancing until van and carriages arrived at three o'clock. Mrs. Glass, hostess and bride, three o'clock. Mrs. Glass, hostess and bride, looked girlish and pretty in pale green silk and dainty evergreen trimmings. Mrs. Patriarche, her mother, was regal and handsome in black silk and lace. Miss D. Patriarche, for whose sake the dance was given, was charming and picturesque in a quaint gown of pink and ruby. Miss Violet, her twin sister, also looked very pretty, while little Miss Gladys captivated all hearts. Miss Helliwell, in blue and cream; Miss Berryman, pink and black; the Misses White, in dainty costumes of pink with white lace; the Misses Michie, in white and rose; Miss McVity, in shell pink; Miss Kerr, in white; Miss Orchard, in white; white and rose; Miss Orchard, in white; Miss Kerr, in white; Miss Orchard, in white; Miss Weatherston, Miss Barwick, Mossas, Arthur Sweatman, Deacon, Kerr, White, Patri-arche, Hopkins, Ussher, MacClean, Drow, Snith, Crawford, Ritchie, Burnside, Pack, ver, Jones and a great many more were

Mrs. Ross of Walmer road gave a very plea-sant tea on Monday. A few of those present were: Mrs. and Miss Cnadwick, Mrs. Heaton, Miss Arkell, Mrs. Allen Aylesworth, Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie, Mrs. Ireland, Mrs. Blaikie, Mrs. McMurrich, Miss Thorburn, Miss Symons and Mrs. Charles Ross.

A dinner party was given at Rusholme by ol, and Mrs. F. C. Denison on Thursday of st week, at which Mrs. Donnis, an English itor, Miss Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Beverley binson, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Strickland, Dr. sters, Mr. Joseph, Capt. McLean Howard of e N. W. M. P., Regina, were guests. The stess was in black with pink sleeves; Mrs. binson wore white silk and lace; Mrs.

I am very sorry to hear that the Bishop of lgoma has not been well, and is obliged to we up the more trying of his duties. Mrs. ivan and the Misses Sullivan have re ined at the Sault all the winter and are uch missed from their places in Toronto

Mrs. Dan A. Rose of 39 St. Mary street has ne to Clifton Springs, N. Y., where she pects to remain some time.

The Misses Meagher of Montreal are visiting

Mrs. Temple of Grosvenor street entertained few friends on Wednesday of last week.

Mrs. Nattress of Carlton street gave a lovely aon Monday, which was one of the most easant of the east side functions of the month.

Miss Harris of London is the guest of Mrs. set Macklem. Mrs. Macklem gave a very asant itea recently in honor of this young

Mrs. Andros of Barrie is spending the winter the Arlington Hotel.

Mrs. Wade of Winnipeg has been for some ne on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs.

Miss Macnee, a bright Kingston visitor, has

fles Maggie Hunter of Durham is visiting

8. Dickson of Upper Canada College. Mrs. Martin (nee Read) of Winnipeg is visitgher mother, Mrs. Read of Sussex avenue. Petty tea was recently given by Mrs. Read oner of her daughter, at which lots of nice

The engagement of Miss Minnie Temple and t. J. Carter Troop is announced.

Another engagement is being whispered of og street business man. I am not yet thorized to publish names.

Mrs. Wood's World's Fair lecture has been a teat success. The last deliverance of this wrought effort was on Tuesday afternoon fore several hundred school-teachers.

Miss Florence Knowlson, a very sweet and tractive Lindsay lady, is visiting Mrs. Spot-n of Markham street. Mrs. Spotton gave a rely dance recently for Miss Knowlson.

very fine luncheon was given on Monday the Queen's Hotel in honor of Sir Thomas llwraith, ex-Premier of Queensland, Aus-la, by the Honorable Frank Smith. Sir omas and Lady McIlwraith left on Tuesday raing for New York, whence they will thy sail for England. The invited guests the luncheon, which was quite an im-mptu affair, were as follows: His Honor utenant-Governor, Messrs, Hugh Blain D. R. Wilkie, president and vice-president Board of Trade; his Worship Mayor edy, L'eutenant-Colonels F. C. and G. T. daon, Majors Cosby and Harrison, Hou.
Byverley Robinson, Hon. T. W. Anglin,
Mesers. Cockburn, Coatsworth, E. B.
F. Bethune, B. Walker, George GooderBeatty, Maclean, Bunting, Creighton,
Beatty, Maclean, Bunting, Creighton,
Class, Lyngmuir, Lyng, O'Keefe, Massey,

days of the afternoon reception which has several dson, Majors Cosby and Harrison, Hon.

Foy, James Foy, Bruce Macdonald, Ryan, Kiely, Brodie, Miller, Mackenzie, Hammond, Manning, Jaffray, Matthews, Wm. Inc., Lead-ley, James Scott, G. A. Cox, Barlow Cumber-land, J. Ross Robertson, John Hockin, Austin, McGaw, Winnett, Magann and Grace. Good speeches, a capital menu, excellent wines, and the heartiest good feeling combined to im-press the distinguished visitor pleasantly with Toronto's men and sentiments, and the hospitality which is proverbial of the handsom

The event of the second week of Lent will be the production of Antigone at the Academy of Music on the 15th and two following evenings.
To say that Toronto people are interested in this affair is putting the case very mildly indeed. The subscription list is larger than that for the Patti concert, the best people in town are on it, and four of those generous and public-spirited people whose purses are ever open for a worthy enterprise, have guaranteed the University against any shortcomings from a financial standpoint. These four good citizens are Mrs. Alexander Cameron, Vice-Chancellor Mulock, Mr. George Gooderham, and the Hm. Frank Smith. It is a noble sign of a city's



The Queen hearing from the Messenger of her Son's death. (From the former representation, Mr. Mickle as the Queen).



Antigone going to her d ath. (From the former representation. Mr. Hutton as Antigone).

elevation, when all interest themselves in a performance such as is to be essayed on Thureday next, and which makes for culture and refinement in every way. The artists are earnest students and have spared neither time nor trouble to perfect their parts. The boxes will hold lovely women and representative men; the stalls, all that is most choice in an intellectual and social line in the city, brightened by beauty and beamed upon by

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Mr. and Mrs. Cassells of 70 Grosvenor street ave a dinner party on Friday of last week.

Mrs. Elwood of Sherbourne street gave a young folks' reception for her daughter, Miss Mary Elwood, on Saturday last.

Rev. Canon Cayley gave a reception on Fri-

Mrs. Donough of Ontario street entertained on Friday of last week and on Monday last in a very charming manner.

Mrs. Eber Ward and party occupied a box at the Patti concert.

Mrs. Fitzsimmons of Simcoe street gave a tea on Wednesday of last week.

Mrs. Mackay of 288 Sherbourne street gave a

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hostesses at its service, one pities the lady who has not the aid of some bright daughters ase on such occasions. Mrs. Mason was thus ably assisted, and Mr. Mason was also at his best in the service of the fair. Needless to chronicle the result—for Ermeleigh host and hostess are always successful. Among the young people were most of the Among the young people were most of the bright and piquant maidens and society men of Toronto, with a sprinkling of young married people. That the fashionable finishing touch to the tea might not be lacking, Master Douglas Mason was of the party and was a model cavalier. A peculiarly refined and homelike influence always makes itself feltlat Ermeleigh, to the happiness of its guests.

Mrs. Allen Aylesworth left for a trip to California on Tuesday, and will be gone for some

Weather permitting the Parkdale Curling Club will hold a skating carnival at the Dufferin atreet rink to-night, beginning at 7.30

The French Club, Les Hiboux, meet this evening at the residence of Mrs. Benjamin of 337 Sherbourne street.

Mrs. Lawrence of Avenue road gave an evening last week.

Mrs. E. F. B. Johnstone of Grosvenor street gave one of the large Saturday teas last week in her pretty home. Gentlemen turned out in goodly numbers and ladies in swarms, and the house was filled with guests all the afternoon.

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invitations that it was as well some had to leave early for other like functions. Dainty refreshments and a congenial coter is made final touches toward the success of this very

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Social and Personal.

Mrs. Alexander Cameron entertained at dinner on Wednesday of this week and at luncheon on Thursday.

Mrs. Mortimer Clarke had a large euchie party on Thursday evening.

Among the visitors who helped to make the bal poudre successful were: Miss Stewart of Port Hope, the Misses Miller of Buffalo, and Mr. Charles West of Toledo.

Mrs. Street Mackiem gave a luncheon on Saturday which was unusually dainty and attractive. Mrs. Macklem is one of those ladies who having taken the course of fine cooking at the cooking school, is mistress of the art of getting up some delightful plats for a petit souper.

Mrs. Caldwell of Hillcrest, Rosedale, enter tained a number of friends on Friday last.

A very merry children's party was given by Dr. and Mrs. Ross on Friday evening last.

Miss Wilkle of Sherbourne street gave a charming evening recently. The affair was in the nature of a soirce dansante.

Mrs. Coulson entertained at luncheon on Friday of last week. Covers were laid for

Mrs. Thompson of Queen's Park entertained at dinner last night.

The Driving Club did not turn out in full force on Saturday. A few traps drove through Rosedale and returned home without a rendezvous. This afternoon a large number will, weather permitting, be on hand, as the ren dezvous is arranged at Colonel Sweny's.

Mrs. Matthews, 89 St. George street, gave a yellow and white luncheon on Thursday of last week. Covers were laid for twelve, which seems a favorite number at these enjoyable

Mrs. MacMahon also gave a luncheon on

Mrs. Rogers of Madison avenue entertained on Tuesday.

Mrs. Rannie of Rosedale also gave a Shrove Tuesday evening Mrs. Robinson of Brunswick avenue gave a

Mrs. Smart of 550 Jarvis street gave an after-

noon tea to a number of friends on Tuesday.

Mrs. Pritchard of Rose avenue also gave a Shrove Tuesday tea. On Wednesday and Thursday of last week

Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Clarke entertained a number of friends at dinner. A dinner was given on Thursday evening of last week by Dr. and Mrs. Allan Baines of

A beautiful dinner was given by Mrs. Laycourne of Grenville street one evening last Yellow was the color chosen for the decorations, and the menu and service were Mrs. Laybourne is par excellence

The Misses E. and M. Headley of Barrie are visiting Mrs. Headley of 39 Eather street.

a delightful hostess.

The Misses Marsh of Buffalo are visiting Mrs. Howe of Isabella street.

Mrs. Colin F. Gordon gave a large and delightful daffodil tea on Thursday of last week The buffet was bright with the sturdy yellow flowers which formed the motif of decoration. The handsome rooms were crowded with many fashionable friends of the hostess, who seemed equally en rapport with each other, an unusu.

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H. E. CLARKE & @, King St. West

ally friendly and happy atmosphere pervading the company. Many hostesses have been as-sisted by their wee ones in supplying goodies to the guests, but not yet have I remarked a more beautiful little pair than the daughter and son of this hospitable home, who distri-buted sweets and raked a rich harvest of embraces and admiring words from Toronto's matrons and maids.

Mr., Mrs. and Miss King, formerly of Toronto and now of Oshawa, sail for England to day. They will reside permanently in the old

Mrs. Smith of 311 Jarvis street entertained on Thursday evening of last week.

Mrs. Rutter of Carlton street gave a small vening on Thursday of last week.

Mrs. E. B. Osler of Craigleigh entertained at a yellow luncheon on Monday at half-past one. Covers were laid for twelve. All the ladies present were residents of the east side.

Mr. Thompson of Glasgow, who has been spending some time in Toronto, returns home this week. Mr. Thompson is a handsome son of Scotia, and an ardent 'cyclist,

Justice and Mrs. MacMahon dined a party of friends on Wednesday of last week.

Mrs. Blackstock's parlors were crowded with callers on Monday afternoon. In the evening this indefatigable hostess gave a ball dinner, that is to say, her guests were also due at the bal poudre. The party, numbering over a dozen, attended the ball and added much to the eclat of the affair.

Mrs. (Judge) Rose gave luncheon to twelve friends on Monday last. A small dinner was also given by Judge and Mrs. Rose on Tuesday

Mrs. Rogers (nee Pellatt) was in Toronto on er way to Calgary, and received on Monday a: Mrs. Pellatt's. An immense number of callers greeted the happy bride and groom, and also bade them farewell, as they left on the same evening for the North-West.

The Harmony Club held an enthusiastic meeting a short time ago and are organizing for the study of a very pretty opera, to be given in the course of a couple of months The lists for subscribers are now open, and Toconto people should hasten to support this their most successful amateur organization.

Mrs. Macdonald's Shrove Tuesday dance was a fitting wind up to a very busy and bright season. One can scarcely credit the cry of hard times when one sees the records of this winter's doings in society circles. The handsome residence on Wellington street was brilliant with the cream of Toronto society and the affair went off delightfully. A slight contretemps, which we cannot too sincerely condole, was the accidental fall and injury sustained by one of the most popular and beautiful of Toronto's young ladies. I am glad to hear that the blow was not so serious as at first feared. The universal verdict on Mrs. Macdonald's party is that almost exclusively debutante expression, "the best of all."

Mrs. Croft of 54 St. George street was At Home on Monday to a large number of friends.

Mrs. McArthur of Madison avenue entertained on Tuesday.

Mrs. Frank Macdonald gave a violet dinner on Thursday of last week.

A dinner was given at Dr. Thorburn's on Monday evening.

A very elegant dinner was given by Mr. Hugh Ryan, in honor of the Hon. Edward Blake, last Tuesday. Covers were laid for thirty

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uests, and the menu, which was arranged by Webb, was both varied and perfect in service.

Mrs. McKinnon of Jarvis street and her Ashville, N. C.

Mrs. Arthurs gave an afternoon tea to number of friends on Friday of last week

Mrs. Alexander gave a luncheon on the same

Mrs. Grantham entertained at afternoon ter on Wednesday of last week.

Mrs. Warren of 59 Wellesley street gave mall dinner on Monday last.

Miss Ethel Wiman of George street gave a most enjoyable At Home on Tuesday last to a few of her many friends. Among those present were: Misses Day, Tomlinson, Winters, Barry, Williams, Reynolds, Johnston, Taylor Blatchley, and Messrs. Docke, Pearson, Blatchley, Chapman, D. Chapman, Sandham, Doods, Winters and Vanvalkenburg

Kent Bros. Gigantic Auction Sale.

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Never in the city's history has an auction sale been so well attended as that of Mesers. Kent Bros., 168 Yonge street, of English, Parisian and German goods. The stock is the largest and most valuable of its kind in Canada, and some rare bargains are and will be obtained. The sale commences every afternoon at 2 30 and evening at 7.30, and the accommodation for ladies is first-class. The sale is under the management of Mr. Charles M. Henderson.



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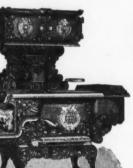
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Births. BAYLEY—Jan: 29, Mrs. James T. Bayley—a daughter, FERGUSON—Feb. 3, Mrs. G. Tower Ferguson—a son. NELSON—Feb. 1, Mrs. W. H. Nelson—a daughter, BROWN—Feb. 2, Mrs. Vore Brown—a son, willhorn, GILES—Feb. 3, Mrs. Arolbaid W. Giles—a daughter, PATTERSON—Jan. 27, Mrs. John Patterson—a son. WIBE—Feb. 1, Mrs. Feb. 3, Wise.—a on.

Marriages.
DENTON-ROBERTSON-Jan. 31, Wm. A. Denton to Sarr Hobertson. LEWIS-BURNS-Jan. 31, George F. Lewis to Hetty M. BUFFIE.

MILLARD—SPENCE—Jan. 31, Charles F. Millard to Mary

L. Spence.

McCARTHY—CUNDLE—Jan. 31, Thomas A. McCarthy to Lizzle M. Cundle.

NELSON—THOMPSON—Jap. 31, Adam D. Nelson to Laura Thompson.
RIDOUT—PATERSON—Jan. 31, W. H. Ridout to Jessie RIDOUT—PATERSON—Jan. 31, W. H. Ridous to Jessie Ras Paterson. VANDUZER—CONNELL—Jan. 30, Charles W. VanDuzer so Luella J. Connell. SMITH—TODD—Jan. 27, Edward J. Smith to Helen Todd. CRIORYON—Mails—Jan. 23, Berlyam E. Crichton so Mande L Mair.

Deaths.

TURQUAND—Fab 2, Rev. Edward Turquand, eged 37.

MCFARLANE—Fab 4, Navoy McFarlane, aged 61.

ROURKE—Fab 4, Mrs. W. Rouske.

O'HAGAN—Fab 4, Frank O'Hagan.

JENKINS—Fab 3, Brigmin Jenkine, aged 69.

COLQUHOUN—Fab 3, Mary Robina Colqubous.

WILSON—Fab 3, Charles Wilson, aged 65.

MALOOLM—Fab 3, Ann Muir Malcolm, aged 72.

CHAFMAN—Jan. 30, wife o' Perfessor Chapman.

LLOYD—Fab 4, Thomas J. Lloyd, aged 49.

DAVIDSON—Fab 1, Alexander Davidson, aged 50.

CATON—Jan. 30, Allan C. Cason, aged 8.

BALLENTINE—Jan. 31, Bessie Ballensiuse, aged 14.

LAWSON—Jan. 31, Milsa J. Lawson, aged 58.

Teacher—Arthur, I shall be obliged to detain you again to day after school is out.
Arthur (aged seven)—Of course you understand that if there is any gossip comes of your keeping me after school every day, you are responsible for it.—Hoston Transcript.

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